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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1928 — NUMBER 51

The End of the Forsytes

JOHN GALSWORTHY belongs to the generation of English novelists that learned its trade and perfected its art before the novel began to flirt with behaviorism and throw dice with the unconscious. He has escaped thereby that compelling necessity to experiment which has made younger work interesting in form, novel in content, fantastic and only occasionally successful in execution, but his age and maturity have had their advantages. It is still questionable whether real novels should be written before forty, and quite certain that only in middle age is life seen sufficiently in the round to guarantee the wisdom in living (especially humorous wisdom) which is the novel's best excuse for being.

"The modern soul, in the intricate turmoil of its sophistication," was for Soames Forsyte "a book which, if not sealed, had the pages still uncut." Some younger critics would say the same of John Galsworthy, but he might well reply that the intricate turmoil of sophistication often proves to be only a flurry of excited egoism, and that a study of a mind that recognizes "the limits of human life and happiness" might be better worth a novelist's trouble than the foam and flash of much modern lingerie.

* * *

Now that "The Forsyte Saga" has reached the last tide mark of its second volume in "Swan Song,"* this would seem to be the great accomplishment of the author. Almost alone among writers in English of our generation, he has, like Hardy, taken the problem of character, and, like Thackeray, observed the characteristics of a class and a race, and written fiction that has the texture and stability of nineteenth-century England.

"The Forsyte Saga," indeed, is a classic study of the nineteenth century, and its upper margin as "Vanity Fair" was a study of the wind-up of the eighteenth. Each depicts a perfected human type at the moment when it crystallizes into an observable and unchangeable pattern. Steyne, the Crawleys, the young Rebecca, the young Rawdon—and here, the Forsytes, Irene, most of all Soames are realized in a world they have helped to make. They know what they want, and dimly why; they have morale always, even when little morality; beside them, young Jon, Michael Mont who knew only that one was never "excused from being a decent man," even Fleur with her reckless possessiveness which makes her capture of Jon in this book more like her father's grab at a long-desired picture than the deep burning passion for Irene—they are all fuzzy at the edges, incoherent, aimless by comparison. They are, indeed, a little pathetic, and it is a sign of Galsworthy's competence as an exponent of his own generation that he is in deepest sympathy with the problems of younger men and women. But they are foils; this is not their story, nor is he the man to tell it.

* * *

The sum total of Galsworthy's contribution to the English novel is to be found in Irene and in Soames Forsyte. Irene is charm raised to its high degree, fortified by brains and culture, but uninhibited by blunted purposes and uncorrelated cravings. She is the late Victorian Helen. Others have done her better in poetry, not better, one guesses, in prose fiction. But Soames Forsyte is unique. He is a type of the possessive instinct fattened by the utilitarianism of his century and gripping first money, then art, then, and in the same category, a wife. Irene is his tragedy. Yet Soames, like all great characters in fiction, is much more than essence. Somehow in his lank, hard figure, his tenacious conservatism, his honesty, his code of holding fast and long, the best of that dead Victorian commercialism which dominated the world is made flesh. And readers who have followed his career from the first volume, will agree that Galsworthy has done it without artifice and possibly without intention. He wrote of a representative middle class family that sat tight and held on, and from them emerged a personality, not lovable, not symbolic, but an unmistakable not-to-be-duplicated Englishman. Soames in the early volumes, though not the villain of the piece, is certainly its most unloved member. Cold, if not predatory, insensitive, grasping, inflexible, he began by being hated, won respect when he took his beating from the mysterious emotions which human nature engenders in the female kind, and rises to an awkward heroism when his Forsyte principle of getting and holding emerges like a rock in a fluid world. Galsworthy has made a great character to stand against the background of a confident Eng-

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* SWAN SONG. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.50.

Eva and Haley

By GLADYS OAKS

HIS weighted head lay still upon her knees
Until she heard the quivers of his blood;
And how she loved him for her pity.
Hers—
Hers for her comfort. Owning all his need.

She stared until his face was blurred. His lips
Waved in her eyes like smoke. Until his brain
Was hers to soothe. She felt her fingertips
Loose from his mind the precious streams of pain.

She brooded . . . and the man became a world,
And all the world a sad and beaten child;
And ecstasy came loose in her. Uncurled
From throat and breast. She stroked his hair and smiled.

Her smile as big as god's when he is human;
O, pitied men are beautiful to women.

This Week

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild."
Reviewed by *John M. S. Allison.*

"The Native Problem in Africa."
Reviewed by *John Palmer Gavit.*

"Bambi."
Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

"The Death of Society," and "The Age of Reason."
Reviewed by *Earl A. Aldrich.*

"Eva's Apples."
Reviewed by *Robert Macdougall.*

"Way of Sacrifice."
Reviewed by *Louis Sherwin.*

Off the Deep End
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

When Ancients Were Ancient.
By *Elmer Davis.*

Heinrich Heine

By M. GREENWOOD

IT is more than seventy years since Heine's death and more than sixty since Arnold devoted one of his best essays to him. In the last eighty years the "Lorelei" must have been sung by millions of German school children and holiday makers while some other millions of American and English concert goers have listened to "Ich grolle nicht" and half a dozen other ballads.

Judged by any such statistical test, Heine would be in the running for the position of most popular German poet even in Germany (where, down to the late revolution, not a single public monument to him existed) and, out of Germany, no other poet would be in the running at all, not even Goethe. Heine's immortality in this sense is as secure as Shakespeare's; but he himself said he attached very little value to poetical fame and wished to be remembered as a brave soldier in the liberation war of humanity. It would be easy to prove that Heine really attached much importance to his reputation as a poet (few vainer men ever existed), but it was as a "brilliant, a most effective soldier in the Liberation War of Humanity" that Matthew Arnold ranked him and it could not have been "Ich grolle nicht," which had such an effect upon Archbishop Benson that, as his son says, "the very thought of Heine made him shudder." The particular Liberation War of Humanity of 1830-56 is an old tale, but, since there is still room for doubt whether humanity has been "liberated" even now, it is interesting to cast one's thoughts back to the old campaigner and to see how a twentieth-century estimate of him squares with that of the mid-Victorian critics.

Quite recently material for judgment has been brought together. In 1926 Professor H. H. Houben published a volume of 1071 pages entitled "Gespräche mit Heine." This book contains every scrap of information about Heine provided by those who knew him in the flesh. Many of the anecdotes are of course very well known, but the book contains a good deal which will be new to those who, like myself, are not "serious students" of literature. To such amateurs, Professor Houben's book can be recommended (not to read through, but to dip into), while it should furnish matter for at least a dozen degree theses of "serious students."

Heine has one advantage over most German writers and over all German political writers in appealing to the foreigner, intelligibility. Unless school education has changed a good deal in the last thirty years in America and England, our young folk still acquire false ideas of the possibilities of German prose. We all know the jokes (from Mark Twain onwards) about the enormous length of German sentences, and although it is more than fifty years since James Russell Lowell (actually citing Heine, pointed out that "the general want of style in German authors is not wholly the fault of the language," it is a fact that the respectable authors popular with school masters are very dull reading and that even the divine Goethe (none of whose prose masterpieces and only one of whose longer poems I have ever succeeded in reading straight through) is heavy going for a young foreigner. Quite recently, two "best sellers," Emil Ludwig and Lion Feuchtwanger, have given examples of attractive intelligibility, while Sigmund Freud (in his less abstruse moments) reads better in German than in American or English. These latter names, with that of Heine, might suggest that in order to write German prose as well as most Frenchmen write French prose, it is an advantage to be a Jew. It probably is, but of course the example of Arthur

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Schopenhauer proves that a Gentile may write German clearly. What *is* common to all these very clear writers is that they were, or are, *left-minded*, altogether abhorrent to right-minded citizens. A friend who knows Germany much better than I do tells me that the best people there think nothing of "Jud' Süss" and are contemptuous of or puzzled by its success in England. All the American and English fulminations against Freud could easily be paralleled in Germany, while as to Heine, the best people kept him out of Germany for the last twenty-six years of his life and, down to the late Revolution, one never saw his works openly displayed in respectable middle-class households.

* * *

These left-minded people were up against the majority and, as the majority cultivated an elaborate style, they cultivated a simple one. No doubt left-minded Frenchmen cultivated elaborate styles for the same reason. The left-minded Balzac's style was severely criticized by the very right-minded Sainte-Beuve. Heine had another quality which often—not always—raised him above the level of even very able left minders like Shelley and Carlyle in their polemical moments; he was an educated man. Shelley indeed knew some Greek and Carlyle knew more of many things than Heine, but neither was really an educated man. Heine had been through the educational mill, and although he would turn in his grave to hear it suggested that he owed anything to the university of Göttingen, he really owed it a good deal. He might like us to forget that he was a *doctor utriusque juris*, but we cannot. "His History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany" (possibly the book which made Archbishop Benson's blood run cold) reaches conclusions not essentially different from those of Tom Paine or Shelley and he protests at the beginning that "I am not one of the seven hundred wise men of Germany, I stand in the crowd at the doors and if their wisdom gets through to me, that is enough." But the essay contains many passages obviously written by a man who has read not as a journalist reads, but as a student reads, that is, in an orderly way. Heine had had an intellectual discipline. But he had had enough to control some fundamental tendencies.

That fine critic Walter Bagehot distinguished irregular from regular genius:

> Certain minds (he says), the moment we think of them, suggest the idea of symmetry and proportion. Plato's name, for example, calls up at once the impression of something ordered, measured, and settled; it is the exact contrary of everything eccentric, immature, or undeveloped. The opinions of such a mind are often erroneous, and some of them may, from change of time, or intellectual data, or from chance, seem not to be quite worthy of it; but the mode in which those opinions are expressed and (as far as we can make it out) the mode in which they are framed, affect us, as we have said, with a sensation of symmetricalness.

Bagehot gave Chaucer as an example of this type, Shakespeare and Dickens as examples of irregular or unsymmetrical genius. The difference is roughly between a highly disciplined and a relatively undisciplined (quite possibly more powerful) mind. As we should expect most of the great scientific geniuses belong to the symmetrical class, although Pasteur, Alfred Russel Wallace, and Sylvester are conspicuous exceptions. Heine obviously falls well within the unsymmetrical class. But within that class a subdivision is possible. Shakespeare and Dickens, for example, are irregular in both matter and manner. It is easy to select from either passages which are completely detestable both in matter and manner. It is easy to select from Heine examples of thoroughly detestable matter—mere spiteful nonsense (the preface to the third part of the "Salon" and much of the essay on Börne)—but even in these the manner is usually not contemptible. Shakespeare and Dickens at their worst expressed fifth rate ideas in fifth rate language. Heine usually expressed fifth rate ideas in excellent language. In manner, Heine is almost a symmetrical genius and perhaps on that account was ranked higher by Matthew Arnold than he deserved, because Arnold attached much more importance to propriety of manner than we should now think right.

But this merit does not redeem Heine's political writings from oblivion. Not only are they deformed, even more than those of Mr. H. G. Wells, by irrelevant outbursts of personal spite, they are a mere mass of self-contradictions. If anything could surpass his dislike of and contempt for the thirty-six reigning houses of Germany, it was his dislike of and contempt for other German opponents of the thirty-six reigning houses. He was an enthusiast for political freedom, also an enthusiast for the first Napoleon. He was as bitter an enemy of Communism as Mr. Winston Churchill, and as contemptuous a critic of England as the mayor of Chicago or the Soviet press. Arnold said that Heine's direct political action was null and added that this was "neither to be wondered at nor regretted; direct political action is not the true function of literature and Heine was a born man of letters." Of course, his direct political action was null, since he could act with nobody, but it is not clear that he had any indirect political influence because, politically, he had no ideas, good or bad, merely feelings.

It is relevant to point out here that as a poet Heine only becomes quite first-rate when he is handling quite simple themes. In lyrics the object proposed is to express intellectually simple themes in the most graceful manner and Heine's success here can be measured by a simple comparison. Among his contemporaries was a writer reckoned one of the greatest of modern lyric poets, Béranger. Both Béranger and Heine have composed lyrics on the same theme and expressing almost identical feelings, the feelings of an old soldier of Napoleon after the downfall. This is from "Les Deux Grenadiers" of Béranger:

> Moi tout couvert de cicatrices
> Je voulais quitter les drapeaux;
> Mais quand la liqueur est tarie.
> Briser le vase est d'un ingrat.
> Adieu, femme, enfants et patrie!
> Vieux grenadiers, suivons un vieux soldat.

Which seems good enough until you recall the corresponding lines in "Die Grenadiere":

> Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind,
> Ich trage weit bess'res Verlangen;
> Lass sie betteln gehn, wenn sie hungrig sind—
> Mein Kaiser, mein **Kaiser gefangen!**

and then one sees that it is not nearly good enough.

I do not say that Heine's verse is technically better than Béranger's—that from a foreigner would be a mere impertinence, but I do say that its music is more completely lost when spoken by a foreigner and its content is less satisfying. We all remember more lyric poetry than any other kind and a sensible proportion of the scraps we all remember in foreign. We all quote scraps of Burns and Horace and hold that an accent which would annoy a living Scot or make a dead Roman turn in his grave cannot wholly destroy the music or spoil the pleasure of the simple expression of a simple idea. Heine's contributions to that stock are very large.

> Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
> Ewig verlornes Lieb! Ich grolle nicht

has thrilled many thousands of people wholly incapable of expressing in German the important fact that the mother of the gardener has two pens and a pocket handkerchief. Tell any intelligent person innocent of German the legend of the Mother of God of Kevlaar and then read aloud to him, with all the inevitable mistakes of accent, "Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar," and he will realize without difficulty what good ballad poetry is. But a thorough command of language is not a sufficient equipment for a political writer and the question is whether, as a political writer, Heine is of any importance now. I think he is of no importance whatever.

* * *

The one common ingredient of all Heine's criticism of life is discontent. He was thoroughly discontented with existing institutions, he was completely out of sympathy with all proposed reforms, and to the self-complacent early Victorians he may possibly have been a tonic. Matthew Arnold's mission in life was to shock the Victorians, but his method of being disagreeable to right-minded citizens was different from Heine's. Mr. Chesterton has neatly compared the three English left minders of the period in these words: "If Newman seemed suddenly to fly into a temper, Carlyle seemed never to fly out of one. But Arnold kept a smile of heartbroken forbearance, as of the teacher in an idiot school, that was enormously insulting." Heine's method is that which Arnold might have adopted if he had been a more vigorous hater and less acutely conscious that he was an Oxford man. Take Heine's diatribe against the English written in 1840, when he was no longer a young man. He asks in what consists the political superiority of the English and answers his question thus:

> I believe it (the superiority) consists in this, that they are the most prosaic of created beings, no poetic illusions lead them astray, no white hot enthusiasms dazzle them, that they see everything in a dry light, keep the plain matter of fact clearly before their eyes, estimate the requirements of time and place accurately and are undisturbed in this calculation by the beating of their hearts or the stirring of generous thoughts. Yes, there is their advantage, they have no force of imagination. This lack is the whole strength of the Englishman, the ultimate ground of his success in all realistic undertakings, politics, industry, the construction of machines. They have no phantasy, that is the whole secret. Their poets are merely brilliant exceptions, in opposition to their own people, that short-nosed beetle-browed people without backs to their heads, the chosen people of prose, just as prosaic, cool, and calculating in India and Italy as in Threadneedle Street. The scent of the Lotus does not intoxicate them, the fires of Vesuvius do not warm them, they bring their tea kettles to the very margin of the crater and drink tea seasoned with cant.

So far, so good. This is just how Arnold might have written if he had not been *quite* a gentleman.

But Heine goes on to say things which Arnold would never have said even in verse. He wonders whether there really is anything in the tales of English physical courage, notes that "a handful of horse soldiers sufficed to chase away from a meeting a hundred thousand angry Englishmen," refers to the English hireling soldiers, and concludes that

> By dint of enervating factory labor, a highly cultivated spirit of trading, religious hypocricy, pietism, that worst kind of opium, the English as a nation have become as unwarlike as the Chinese and before they conquer them (we were at war with China in 1840) it is probable that the French would be able, if they could land, to conquer the whole of England with less than one hundred thousand men.

In the Arnoldian terminology that passage was, when it was written, a mere freak and, in the light of after events, it has become a mere violence.

* * *

Heine did not often do quite so badly as that, but he has written much not greatly above its level. His table talk is instructive. Most of the smart sayings of famous talkers are sarcasms, many only examples of pithy rudeness. Those of Heine which we all remember belong to the latter class. Here are two unfamiliar enough to stand quotation. Asked by the Paris Rothschild of his time how the wine Lacrymae Christi came by its name, Heine answered—"You have only to translate the words: Christ wept because rich Jews drank such a wine while so many poor men were hungry and thirsty." Talking about the pollution of the Seine at Paris, Rothschild remarked that near its source the river was crystal clear. "But after all, your father was a very honest man, Herr Baron," interjected Heine. Of course Heine made more social enemies than friends, and it is doubtful whether the same technic applied to prose composition deserves to make him many friends with posterity. If one compares him as a prose writer on social and political topics with three first-rate prose writers of our own time with whom he has some affinities, with Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, and H. G. Wells, the superiority of our contemporaries is, I think, clear. All three are left-minded, severely critical of the established order, all three are deliberately provocative, and two (at least) of them have used great literary art to exhibit identifiable contemporaries in an unfavorable light. The judgments of all three upon men and institutions are as harsh as those of Heine. The bitterness of the two Americans—at least in those of their writings which I have read—is almost as pervasive as Heine's and more intense than that of Wells—whom nobody would accuse of a Baldwinian optimism. I am told that there is a good reason for this.

There is certainly no shortage of philistines, in the sense of Arnold and Heine, in the England of 1928, but in an England with a million unemployed it is evidently impossible even for a philistine to pretend that all is well. But in rich America it is both possible and easy to proclaim that the philistines are really the chosen people. There is, in fact, a resemblance between the America of 1928 and the England of 1868, so, for the enemies of philistines, America may be a worse abiding place than poverty-stricken England. For an Englishman it is very difficult to believe that the intellectual level of political discussion could sink lower than that of his own country. I am assured by Americans who

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know both countries (when I last wrote an article in the *American Mercury*, I received a letter of reproof from a lady in Boston, who attributed my—in her opinion—lack of respect for England to the corrupting effect of long residence in America. I had to confess that it was just natural cussedness, for I had never been nearer to America than Dublin) that there really are men of real weight in America beside whose speeches those of Mr. Winston Churchill or Dr. Wheatley would read like contributions to the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society and that this explains the apparently morbid bitterness of tender-minded, i.e. left-minded, Americans. But even in the American left-minders there is both a charity and a constructiveness which are altogether lacking in Heine.

Heine does not indeed enlarge upon the sexually obvious to the same extent as Mr. Wells (or Mr. Wells's characters) probably because, although he fell far below the heroic levels of Casanova and Dr. Raymond Pearl's farmers, he had a much wider practical knowledge of the subject than Mr. Wells, and—this is his weakness—he never commits himself to prescribing remedies for the social and political evils he pilloried. Heine's remedy never got beyond Liberty (undefined). Mr. Wells's characters from Remington to Clissold have had much more definite prescriptions; possibly they were quack remedies, certainly they have varied, but at least the physician has genuinely believed in the possibility of cure. Indeed Mencken, Lewis, and Wells have had one virtue in common with a very stupid man, the Consul Varro—they have never despaired of the republic; Heine did or, what is as bad, he had not intellectual courage enough to risk the criticism of a tentative remedy. I do not know that on the day of Judgment Lewis, Mencken and Wells will get special credit for their courage and faith or that Heine's unrelieved bitterness will earn him an extra million years in Hell. It is much easier for prosperous men of letters living in their own countries not to despair than it is for an unsuccessful man of letters living in exile.

Altogether aside from his last years of slow dying, the notion that France was Heine's spiritual home is a myth; to the day of his death he was essentially as much a foreigner as the most American or English of tourists, all that he wrote in French needed heavy correction before publication, and his spoken French was the French of a German. But because there were good personal reasons for Heine's attitude towards life does not make that attitude of any importance to us. My suggestion is that his political and sociological writings have no important message for us and that we can afford to neglect almost everything he wrote in prose after he left Germany for good. The intellectual case against the philistines was proved long ago and needs no restatement. If the chosen people are in almost as depressed a condition as when Arnold rung his hands, Carlyle stormed, and Heine spat insults at the triumphant philistines, it is not because the vices of the philistines, their inaccessibility to ideas, their intellectual sterility, their incompetence have not been admitted by the philistines themselves. The sentiment of the *Punch* cartoon, of the boy asking John Bull what he did in the great war and receiving the answer, "everything that was wrong, my boy, except losing it," is a common sentiment. What is wrong with the chosen people is not that the philistines have never given them a chance, but that they have given them a chance. Even in America there is (I suppose) a law of libel and certainly there are limits to what an editor will stand, so I content myself with advising the reader to study Maynard Keynes's "The Economic Consequences of the Peace" and then to ask himself how much of the shocking mischief done at the Peace Conference was the work of rogues and philistines and how much the product of intellectual vanity. It is just possible that the reader may think there was more than one vain intellectual doing mischief, that if Mr. Maynard Keynes himself, who has so convincingly displayed the temperamental errors of Woodrow Wilson, had been a trifle less conscious of his intellectual gifts, perhaps a little more willing to suggest and a little less willing to lecture, some evil might have been averted. The case against the philistines is proved; the case against the children of light is that intellectual arrogance may hurt the commonwealth more than dulness, more than vulgar dishonesty. Arnold characterized Heine's failing as a lack of self-respect. I think it was rather an egotism which rendered him incapable of dealing usefully with the affairs of every-day life.

A New Romantic Historian

THE RISE OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD. By COUNT EGON CORTI. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Company. 1928. $5.

MAXIMILIAN AND CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO. By COUNT EGON CORTI. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. 2 vols. $10.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON
Yale University

THESE two works by Count Egon Corti are worthy of a serious consideration in spite of certain obvious defects in their construction. To the general reader, they will prove to be entertaining, even enthralling. To the more serious scholar and to the pedant, they will be enlightening and suggestive although they cannot be accepted as definitive works.

"The Rise of the House of Rothschild" is an entertaining and serious study of the famous family of that name. Apparently, even in the eighteenth century business had its share of romance and adventure. Furthermore, it was an adventure that was fraught with personal as well as economic danger.

The Rothschilds originated in the Ghetto of Frankfort where they started a business of money changing. On the side, Amschel, the founder of the family's greatness, was a collector of rare coins. This latter hobby led to the establishment of in-

Missale ordinarium
CHRISTI
Missale Romanum nouiter
impressum ordine quodã miro ad facillime
omnia facilis panca sint: que in ipso ad alias paginas re-
mittitur inuenienda. Et misse fere omnes habentur in
suis locis complete & integre paucis exceptis que
in promptu haberi possunt: adeo vt sacerdos
quilibet quantuscũq; inexpertus absq; alicu-
ius ductu missas omnes immediate absq;
premeditatione aliqua inuenire poterit
doctus vero ab oi inquisitionis one-
re liber ad altare et abituro accede-
re possit. Quod cautũ est: ne quis
& preter Gregorium de gre-
gorijs imprimere audeat:
sub penis in primile-
gio: vt in eo con-
tentis.
Ordinem hũc nusq; alibi inuenies.

From the forthcoming "The Italian Book," by Tammaro de Marinis and Seymour de Ricci.

(Pegasus Press: Harcourt, Brace.)

(*See page* 1040)

formal relations with the later electoral Duke, and, through this important affiliation, the family of money changers finally became prominent bankers in North Germany, England, and France. At a later time, they even made the conquest of Metternich. With branches of the Rothschild house established throughout the western continent and England, it became necessary to develop a method for easy communication, and the courier or mail system that they instituted became the model for the European governments and even surpassed in efficiency similar systems established by the various states. In time the Rothschilds became the sole reliable source for political as well as economic information and gradually they assumed positions as advisors to kings, electoral princes, and emperors. So great was their power in 1812 that this family actually manipulated the difficult problem of the pay of Wellington's armies during the Peninsular campaign. The story of these transactions carried on through the Banks of France under the very eyes of Napoleon's watchdogs, is as exciting a narrative as the most demanding reader could desire. In the subsequent Congresses the Rothschilds play their part, and the earliest communications between the Revolutionary King of the Barricades, Louis Philippe, and Metternich appear to have been carried on by the able representatives of this house in France and in Germany.

But there is a nobler side to the Rothschild story than the mere narrative of their own rise to power. They were not only the greatest Lords of finance, but they were the benefactors of their own race. With every step to power attained by the family, the position of the Jews in Europe and especially in Germany was ameliorated.

It is quite evident that Count Corti has given much care and study to the preparation of this book. He has consulted the Archives in Paris, Vienna, Frankfort, and London, but for obvious reasons he has been unable to gain access to the private papers of the House of Rothschild. Nevertheless, this work must be classed as one of primary importance in this field of history, and it will probably remain so until the Rothschild papers have been utilized.

There is an obvious reason for the failure of Count Corti to employ the fundamental sources for his story of The House of Rothschild, but as good an excuse cannot be applied in the case of the two volumes that relate the tragic history of Maximilian and Charlotte. While the private papers of the ill-fated emperor and the Archives of Europe appear to have been carefully consulted, there is no mention of any use of the documents that exist in Mexico City and that would certainly be of value in throwing light upon the mystery of Maximilian. This omission is to be regretted, for the story that the Count writes is well balanced and superbly told. Particularly apt is his analysis of the principal characters. Maximilian with his good intentions and his fair dealings, the creature of selfish party conspiracies and nationalistic ambitions, is a dramatic figure. The Empress Charlotte and her tragedy are sympathetically described. The ambitious and unhappy Empress of the French, Eugénie, is a fascinating figure, although it is quite likely that Count Corti places too much emphasis on her responsibility for the Mexican enterprise. There is a splendid chapter concerning the last interview of Charlotte with Eugénie and the ailing Napoleon III.

The author has handled a difficult task superbly. There is so much tragedy and there are so many crises, and yet, so even and restrained is his style of narrative that the reader is never wearied by the repetition of these troubles. It would have been easy to overdo the picture and to descend to melodrama, but Count Corti rises far above such dangers. One can think of certain modern romantic historians who would have handled this st in a different and less commendable fashion. Th are anecdotes, but each anecdote has its point place; there is color, but never for a moment is it allowed to obliterate the thread of narrative. And as far as the author has gone in his researches, it appears that his story is correct in nearly all essentials.

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In brief, these three volumes represent romantic history that is fairly moderate and safe although they cannot be regarded as definitive and final works. It is a relief to discover them at this present time when the publishers are flooding and oppressing us with a deluge of sensational biographies and semi-scandalous character studies. The tendency seems to be either to whitewash or to blacken most of the well-known characters of the last two centuries. Some even tell us that in the more recent past history and biography have presented us with figures lifeless and colorless. Certain modern biographies have tried to revive historical characters. In most instances they have presented us with totally new people absolutely unlike their originals. And by that act they have come to merit as great a condemnation as the cold, unbiased, double-visioned scholars against whom they have protested so loudly. Count Corti cannot be placed in either of these groups although he is a follower of the romantic style. His restraint and his dignity would place him in a higher order if only he had been fortunate and able to make a more complete study of the source materials that exist for the fields of history that he has chosen to investigate.

The End of the Forsytes

(*Continued from page* 1029)

land, moral but hard, generous but grasping, which was both the cause and the result of such men.

There may be too much of local politics and temporal happenings (such as the Great Strike in "Swan Song") in "The Forsyte Saga," although it is hard to be sure in advances of time's perspective. But of Soames one can already be sure and of the saga quality of a book well named because it is a saga of commercial England, the first of the great industrial nations; saga, not merely story, because Galsworthy has succeeded, like the Icelanders, in making names and everyday incidents carry a life, a code, a spirit, and an age.

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How Not to Do It

THE NATIVE PROBLEM IN AFRICA. By RAYMOND LESLIE BELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

REALLY, this big study is erroneously entitled. The caption should have been, "The Problem of White Behavior in Africa." Insofar as there is a problem, it is one which white men have created by their own greed and inhumanity, their own stupidity and hypocrisy. The attitude is like that of the little girl who answered her mother's command to "stop pulling the cat's tail":

"I'm not pulling it—I'm simply holding it. She's pulling her own tail!"

This is not a book in two immense and inordinately heavy volumes; it is a library, evidently the fruit of an appalling amount of labor and containing an immense amount of information. Even a cursory examination leaves one amazed at the thoroughness with which Professor Buell (formerly assistant professor of Government at Harvard University and now director of research of the Foreign Policy Association) has covered the essentials of an exceedingly complex, far-flung, and multiform subject. More careful reading enforces also the impression of objectivity and restraint in the presentation of well-buttressed facts nevertheless comprising in their *ensemble* a terrible indictment of "white supremacy" in the black continent, and leaving any humane reader quivering with shame and indignation, and a certain hopelessness as regards any solution. For there is nothing new about it.

* * *

Under the auspices of the Committee of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College, Buell spent a full year in travel, observation, and the collection of documentary material. The results might well have occupied not two, but at least a dozen considerable volumes, covering the dealings of the great "enlightened" nations of Europe—yes, and the United States too—with the Negro populations and material resources of the southerly two-thirds of the African continent. The study does not touch, save by indirect allusion, the other European spheres on the Mediterranean and in the northeast, from Morocco round to Somaliland. In fourteen sections, elaborately documented and with profuse foot-notations, it tells the story, past and more particularly current, of white exploitation of South Africa, Basutoland, Rhodesia, and Nyasaland, British East Africa (Kenya), Tanganyika, Uganda, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone, French West and Equatorial Africa, Togoland and the Cameroons, the Belgian Congo; winding up with an extensive chapter on the Liberian Republic and the recent negotiations of the Firestone rubber interests under the sanction of the United States Government and with the coöperation of great American financial concerns.

* * *

The author's purpose and achievement are to exhibit vividly the social, economic, and political effects of the impact of modern industrial and commercial enterprise upon the African (Negro) native; he deals with these effects in respect of native administration, land tenure, agriculture, mining, trade, labor conditions, taxation, sanitation and medical service, missions, education, and general morality. He shows the striking differences in point of view, spirit of approach, and methods of the British, French, German, Belgian, and Dutch especially, in their task and social opportunity; the varying degrees of comprehension of and loyalty to the several "mandates" in Africa entrusted by the League of Nations in disposal of the former German colonies. He depicts the Englishman, for example, as believing so firmly in his cultural superiority that only an Englishman can by any means acquire it; while the Frenchman believes so firmly in his that he wants to extend it to all the world, and allows the educated native a social status of equality. As for the others—

> A dollar by the river's brim,
> A simple dollar is to him—

to be got while the getting is good, and never mind how. A native African is a savage anyway, a dead one tells no tales, and nobody would listen to him if he spoke.

Attitude and practice run the whole gamut between extremes, but mostly the game is grab, not only of the land and all that therein is, but of the physical person of the native. By one means or another, commonly with extreme cruelty including even maiming and murder, his labor is enforced in a measure not to be distinguished in practical results from slavery. Worse than ordinary chattel slavery, because that implies property to be cared for, this kind means using 'em up and getting some more. Sometimes the forms have a gloss of legality, "hiring and firing"; but the firing implies eviction from time-honored homelands with nowhere else to go. The substance, whatever the form, is involuntary servitude under physical compulsion, the more ruthless because usually the labor is rounded up by native chiefs subsidized to produce "adequate labor"—no questions asked about where or how they get it.

* * *

Buell gives this summary of the result:

> . . . The development of large-scale European industry inevitably outruns the local labor-supply—a condition which leads the employers to invoke the aid of governments in scouring the surrounding territory for men. Inevitably the system has led . . . to forms of compulsion, to the disorganization of native village life, a high death-rate in labor compounds, and depopulation of the villages.

One of the Firestone agreements with the Liberian Republic provides in so many words (as quoted by Buell) that the Government shall "encourage, support, and assist the efforts of the Lessee to secure and maintain an adequate labor supply." Buell remarks that under this system, "similar to that which has produced compulsory labor in other parts of Africa," the Firestone Plantations Company "is making it financially worth while for the Government and chiefs to keep the plantations supplied." He appeals for a modern turn of conscience in this business. In his introductory note is the only open preachment that I find:

> Africa is the one continent in the world where by the application of intelligence, knowledge, and good will it is not too late to adopt policies which will prevent the development of the acute racial difficulties which have elsewhere arisen, and the evils of which have been recognized only after they have come into existence. In the large part of the continent of Africa the white man still has *carte blanche* to avoid the mistakes of the past committed in other parts of the world if he has the will and intelligence to do so.

If! Ah, yes . . . "If wishes were horses, the beggars could ride!" The white man could, but will he? It's dollars to the holes in doughnuts—not while the primitive superstition of racial superiority rules. Not while there are unimaginable resources to be tapped and an inexhaustible supply of incredibly cheap and defenseless humanity—black at that—to tap them with. There would be a canny wisdom—never mind any higher or softer motive—in cultivating a happy, prosperous native population, in those lands where the white man cannot live. Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, president of the German Reichsbank, in his "Stabilization of the Mark," hints at it:

> Until the last colored man in the African Continent has a wireless apparatus installed in his hut, let me not be told that there is a lack of markets!

Whatever the others have done, or continue to do, here is the Firestone opportunity. Under command of a highly intelligent American personality, here is a chance. In that great, new industrial enterprise, in the African's own Republic, the desired labor can be attracted rather than conscripted. The time might come when you would have to drive it away. Starting under favorable auspices, with a clean slate, stands forth the opportunity to do it differently. Certainly Buell's book offers to Mr. Firestone and his managers on the ground—if they want it—a voluminous text-book about how *not* to do it.

In response to repeated requests from scientists, men of letters, research workers and educators, *The Forum Magazine* and Simon & Schuster, Inc., its sponsors, have decided to defer the closing date of the Francis Bacon Award for the Humanizing of Knowledge to April 15, 1929.

Maurice Paléologue, formerly Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, author of "Cavour," has been elected to membership in the Académie Française, thus succeeding the late M. Jonnart among the "immortals."

The Stricken Deer

BAMBI. A Life in the Woods. By FELIX SALTEN. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT is quite natural that Galsworthy should write a foreword for this book. His sympathy with wild life, sometimes almost reaching the point of sentimentality, is well known. In general it does him honor. Yet "Bambi," the story of a wild deer, from fawn to antlered stag, will disappoint those who expect something to compare with "The Jungle Books." Neither is it better written than some of Henry Williamson's stories, though the translation by Whittaker Chambers seems to be accomplished. True,—its overtones are allegorical,—without being intrusive overtones.

Nature herself, "red in tooth and claw," is not spared; but, for all that, the story is delicately told. It gathers atmospheric charm. Over against this, the description of the hunt transmits its cataclysmic murderousness, from the point of view of the wild animals, most strikingly. This portion of the tale is, indeed, a triumph. It conveys an unforgettable sensation. The figure of the old stag is also memorable.

Ingenuous, almost childish as some may find "Bambi," it is an unusual performance. This reviewer does not think it quite successful in solving all the problems of a difficult conception. It is deeply sympathetic, often moving, and Man as known and feared by the wild dwellers of the woods is truly made a faceless figure of horror. Yet, with all its virtues, it does not, as a whole, leave that indelible impress upon the mind one feels it might. If, however, it ranks as a comparatively minor performance, it has beauty and grace and an individuality rare among works of fiction of the day. Nor is it fiction, save as all conjectures concerning what may amount to mentality in animals must approach fiction.

Mating, even among wild animals, may well be accompanied by tenderness. But when the words, "I love you," are put into the mouth even of an ordinarily gentle deer, it seems to us a blunder. The gentler side of mating might have been more convincingly rendered. Otherwise we accepted the speech of the animals without too much afterthought. We fought against remembering Thornton W. Burgess; and when the excitement of the Danger began, we forgot to cavil. The early appearance of the stags, of the fathers of the fawns, who took no notice of the fawns or of their mothers whatsoever, but trod past in aloof and oblivious dignity, seemed to us a particularly good touch. In fact there are various touches throughout the small volume that are singularly felicitous, full of observation of wild life. Yet we distinctly remember, in younger years, having been far more thrilled by Ernest Thompson-Seton, though he wrote with more humanity toward man. For "He," as man is called in this book, possibly, in actuality, appears in one or two other lights, even to wild creatures, than that of mere wholesale murderer. "He" must, for instance, frequently appear in the rôle of an inexplicable coward. However, in any chivalrous nature, Felix Salten's attitude in the matter strikes a responsive chord. And, in the midst of holocaust, he has outlined an idyll.

A contract has been put through by the Foreign Department of Curtis Brown, Ltd., for the Polish rights of the late Thomas Hardy's work. Negotiations are pending for the sale of the remaining available foreign rights in this author's books.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. No. 51.

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Hopes and Imaginings

THE DEATH OF SOCIETY. By ROMER WILSON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928 (1921). $2.50.

THE AGE OF REASON. By PHILIP GIBBS. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by EARL A. ALDRICH

THE Death of Society" gained the Hawthornden Prize when it was first published, in 1921, and now appears with an introduction by Hugh Walpole. A sentence therefrom gives us the keynote: "Is there anyone who, when a great moment approaches, does not wonder whether if Society fell down the final abyss that moment might not be endlessly prolonged?" This is the story of a great moment, of Dido and Ænéas in the cave, though this time Dido's husband is still alive. To this moment the book approaches for its climax, and this is the moment, by implication, Hugh Walpole and Miss Wilson would endlessly prolong. Each to his taste, but it is permitted to doubt whether a nine-hour consummation of adultery is worth doing every day, and whether Society should be scrapped to admit of it.

The experience was, however, especially piquant. Not only did the husband give assent (hard won, it is true), but the lady's eighteen-year-old daughter, who reminds one of the Constant Nymph and who is quite as attractive, knew about it as well, and was looking forward to marrying the hero after he had found out how the experience with her mother would affect him! They even talk it over together. Perhaps the word for such a situation is not piquant; the French would call it *sale*, and would probably be right. The book is really a glorification of physical ecstasy. The hero, moreover, is a woman's hero; Charlotte Brontë's Rochester is more natural. Rane Smith's naked body is described in terms that leave nothing for Phœbus Apollo, and his shining splendor and glowing nobility as he contemplates the delight of his day in Rosa Ingman's cabin, both before and after, leave no words for the Transfiguration of Our Lord. This was Miss Wilson's first (or at least an early) novel. In it she shows again and again the ability of an experienced writer, as if she had already her several later novels to her name. She is gifted, too, with the ability to create atmosphere, to describe nature with vividness and discrimination, and to draw people. Karl Ingman, Norwegian critic, the rival of Brandes, his house and his household, are as good in their way as Sanger's Circus (which, we should remember, they antedate). But in spite of all this "The Death of Society" and Rane Smith are such as the English language is ill-equipped to describe. Let us return to the French, then; the true word for them is *sale*. An English word of only partial adequacy and only imperfect vigor is *mawkish*.

* * *

Caught on the rebound from the foregoing, "The Age of Reason" is refreshing, an extremely good summer novel for people who like to have fun with their minds. It is pretty liberally sprinkled, to be sure, with chromosomes, inhibitions, glands, hedonism, verbalisms, telepathy, and libidos: all the terminology of science and pseudo-science, all the conflict between materialism and theology, all the muddle of the modern world, though set off by a group of delightful people. The present middle-aged generation is there, with its faith in mere things and in what Arnold called "machinery," with its scepticism about the entire past and with its blind fear or equally blind confidence in a future which must deal with the forces it has itself released. The younger generation is there, too, free from prejudice, free from reverence, and desperately uncertain where it is to go, but desperately determind to have a good time going. At least, some of it is like that, but some of it is restrained by vestigial survivals of earlier disciplines: religion, morality, good form, good taste. Those who hold on to what they have, and those who achieve a new discipline fare best. They cannot be said to be happy, for all find that the way out involves self-sacrifice, but some make shining denials. They have at least something to go by, something that keeps them spiritually at peace.

One thing seems pretty clear: Sir Philip is very sure that science is not going to regenerate the world, nor are the scientists. Outside the realm of their own departments his wise men are as dogmatic and unable to understand the problems of living as the rest of us. His own special scientist, Hesketh Jerningham, who marries an ever-so-pretty girl twenty-two years his junior, expects to bring in the age of reason by disregarding all the traditional disciplines and by tampering with glands. He tries the one on his son and daughter and the other on his senescent father with results that, in the latter case, are terminated charitably with death. Actually, it seems, such as he are worse than the authoritarian churchmen, for he ignores the soul. Young Cyril Jerningham confounds his father by demanding an external authority and by becoming a Christian. Richard Halliday, whose handicap is smaller, in that he was already a clergyman, goes over to Rome. Religion, and religion with some kind of authority to it, is still the stay of the spirit.

* * *

If one were going to find fault with Sir Philip's diagnosis and his remedy, it would be by saying that authority, external authority, will not do. The times are incurably libertarian, and to ask for a reaction toward external authority is to miss the issue, to misread the problem. What we face to-day is the paradox of liberty, which demands a self-imposed authority, a discipline, whether of art, science, behavior, or religion, arising within, and enforced from within. And nothing can be harder to bring about.

It remains to say that Sir Philip has assembled a winsome lot of young people and a charming biologist in his book. "The Age of Reason" is a galloping good story, with racy dialogue, the company of gentlefolk, and some genuine pathos, even tragedy, to carry one along.

Illustration, by Kurt Wiese, for "Bambi" (Simon & Schuster).

Mr. Gerhardi's Latest

EVA'S APPLES: A STORY OF JAZZ AND JASPER. By WILLIAM GERHARDI. New York: Duffield & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT MACDOUGALL

ABOUT all that we can say of "Eva's Apples" is that if you like the wandering, superficial, over-intellectualized style that Mr. Gerhardi affects, this latest novel by him will amuse you. But what an injustice to a multitude of workmanly narratives to call these four hundred pages a novel! This man Gerhardi—if we do him an injustice it is no one's fault but his own—dashes off page after page of dialogue, throws in occasionally a few incidents to give an excuse for binding the whole business together, develops grotesqueries instead of characters, and then packs his manuscript off to the publishers, satisfied that it is worth preserving. In "Eva's Apples" he busies himself with four persons: Lord Ottercove, a caricature in which we are supposed to find Lord Beaverbrook; Dickin, a novelist who seems compounded largely of milk and water; Eva, a spiritual sister of the rowdy clan in "The Constant Nymph" (Mr. Gerhardi notes the kinship); and Lord de Jones, whom even his creator admits to be unbalanced. These four talk and talk and talk, only occasionally emerging to the fresh air of action. In plan and execution the novel is often more than slightly lunatic.

Ingenious, witty, unusual, well-bred, effervescent —yes, "Eva's Apples" is all of these. But it is too talky to be interesting, too confusing to be effective, and too arrogant to be generally persuasive. Mr. Gerhardi has little use for the world that most of us are familiar with; his own eccentric world is a little over-whimsical. Obviously he has facility. Unfortunately, however, this ambitious fantasy needed more than facility to bring it to success.

A Pacifist Novel

WAY OF SACRIFICE. By FRITZ VON UNRUH. Translated from the German by C. A. MACARTNEY. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS SHERWIN

AS a human document this book has value for those who like human documents. It makes a perfect companion piece to Barbusse's "Enfer." As a work of art, however—*Schwamm drüber!* I see no occasion for cheers in behalf of a book written in turgid—as only German can be turgid—prose, reminiscent of the romantic period. That is not intended to infer that such a tome should be done in the gaudy, hilarious, bacchanalian style of Elliott White Springs. Here the turgid effect is heightened by the translation, a translation of a literalness that—but wait! You shall have examples presently.

One is inclined to suspect that not a few commentators were moved by the conviction that any literature suppressed by the German General Staff must have merit. The circumstances of its conception are not unamusing. The High Command wanted a book written about the war, something they could use as propaganda to inspire both combatants and civilians with the glory and splendor of defending the Fatherland. So they picked on a man who was not one of those ordinary scribbling bounders, but one of *us*, a scion of a long line of officers-and-gentlemen, a "von," a born Junker. They did not, to be sure, take the trouble to read any of his previous writings or they would have discovered, to their high displeasure, that in 1912 Fritz von Unruh, son of a general officer and Governor of East Prussia, had written a play called "Officers" which dealt most disrespectfully with militarism and all its works. So they commissioned this Junker to compose a glorious book in which people might read the truth about Armageddon. He did the job and when the manuscript was delivered there was hell to pay in the General Staff. The thing was suppressed and its author narrowly escaped going to the *Irren*
And I must say that any General Staff that
mitted their troops to read such a work would t
selves have been candidates for the loony hatch.

The book is divided into four parts—"Advance," "Trenches," "Storm," and "Way of Sacrifice."

There is here no story save in so far as it traces the experiences, doubts, anguish, cold, hunger, and pain of several individuals in a company through the stages indicated in the chapter headings given above. A schoolmaster, an actor, a drummer, a waiter, a captain, a sergeant, a cadet are the principal characters, and through their reflections and jeremiads the picture of horror is created. Despite all I have said, the thing is undoubtedy effective. Not as craftsmanlike as Barbusse, Fritz von Unruh has nevertheless achieved as damnatory a piece of pacifist propaganda as you will ever come across.

Moreover, even the turgid diction does not mar the fine, graphic quality of some of the descriptive passages. In the most violent colors von Unruh paints his picture of the inferno that was Verdun. But he does paint so that you may see what it was like. Here, for example:

> Circles and waves rose before his eyes, turned into long, white, wrinkled roads; or they might be distant avenues, or mangled snakes. They ordered themselves into trees and columns of wagons; they crept away into gray distance. A red spot remained on his retina. It swelled to a ball and burst like a strange mountain. Over abrupt steeps swarmed blue-green forms; like soldiers and yet not like soldiers. They drew out into long wires, shining, full threescore and ten intertwined. They stretched through plains, endless, farther than sight.

But when he imagines for you the meditations of his soldiers, von Unruh becomes too incredible for me. For instance—

> See how my neck rises so free from the shoulders! Thou before me there, hold not thy chin so terribly firm. Weep, sob, laugh, but once! Turn not thy gaze away from the graves that fill for thee. Smile not that cold smile. Not that threatening finger! Release for us, thy people, those eagles of thine, that wait still, as in the Elector's days.

To balance such outbursts, consider this:

> "How far?" asked the Commander-in-Chief. "On the same spot, sir," answered the corps commander. The other gnawed at his moustache. "How is that?" "The men can do no more." He took a file from the table. "Here are the reports of the losses." The Commander-in-Chief ran his eye over them and threw them down on the floor, remarking: "Obviously, we're bound to have losses. I expect the English to attack at Arras. I can't splurge all our material down here. We must manage with these corps. Four hundred thousand gone? I reckoned it at that."

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The Bowling Green

Off the Deep End, IV.

SOMEWHERE in those waters, perhaps still faintly perfumed by the Commodore's pipe, there is an invisible longitude, a Shadow Line, where the Bay of Fundy becomes the Gulf of Maine. For when the Commodore roused his starboard watch at 4.15—having given them an hour and a quarter as lagniappe—there was that good feeling of having turned a corner unawares, some unseen facet of space and time. There was quite a new theology in the air. Which was natural enough: it was Sunday morning. The first thought that circulated in the chronicler's system was, "Spring's coming." For in the WNW breeze was a nostrilsome savor of pines and balsam. It smelt like graduating from Bowdoin College. This dim sea, rubricated by a full red setting moon, could not be identified by any instrument more accurate than the nose, for we had had no reasonable observations since Cape Sable. But the chronicler's nose perceived the State of Maine and vouched for it. About sun-up, still reckoning by the nostril and the matchbox log, we felt that we had more than enough northing; we tacked and made a course SW by S.

Now, with gales and chilblains left astern, was time to resume the famous mainsail. At 6.15 we took down the trysail and were ready to raise our full page spread. I particularize the episode because it is a parable of the uses of indolence. The chronicler, always evasive of toil, was wont to give an apparent demonstration of zeal, to justify himself in the Commodore's eye. When great weights of canvas were to be handled or hoisted he could cry *hoick* (or however you prefer to spell that rhythmical groan) with the loudest, but it was mostly subterfuge. And now, while Captain Barr and Charley and the P. R. were lustily tailing onto halliards and windlass, the chronicler was standing by (keeping that big mast between him and the Commodore) and sojering. He was pretending to be doing something, I don't know just what, but in reality he was surveying all that intricate gear with his usual questioning amazement. So it was he who observed that the bronze gooseneck, which holds the boom to the mast, was cracked almost through. The metal had gone a sort of roquefort cheese color and was radiated with fissures. Obviously the thing was unsafe. In that pleasant breeze and with so gross a canvas the thing would most likely snap, there would be a big boom thrashing loose and all sorts of devilment.

With reluctant hearts the company abandoned the proud mainsail for good and all. The boom was unshipped and lashed on deck. Up again went old stand-by, the trysail. And the mainsail was stowed in the Commodore's cabin where it filled all the space and where that uncomplaining commander crept in and out of his bunk like a chipmunk in a tangle of underbrush.

This was a two-hour job. Now, in the first clear sunshine and fair breeze of the voyage, we must go soberly along under storm gear. C. G. 24, a smart destroyerish lady in naval gray, passed near us and evidently took note of our cautious demeanor. We had, to sea eyes, much the look of a man who attended a smart wedding in cutaway garb and a golf cap. But there is one great etiquette among ships: you know there is a valid reason for everything, and don't ask rude questions. Our progress was lenient, but these royalties of sunshine were making up arrears of comfort and we were well cheered. Some half-cooked porridge was discovered, abandoned by the steward days before in the crisis of his malady. This was warmed up by Y. G. and we felt reintroduced to civilization and food.

* * *

That sunny forenoon was notable first for a series of sextant observations. The Commodore and P. R., after calculations enduring nearly two hours, annnounced preliminary theories. By one of these we were somewhere SE of Portland. By another, we were on a latitude with the Isles of Shoals. This reminded Y. G. and the chronicler of Mr. Edmund Pearson's excellent murder story, "Murder at Smuttynose" (Smuttynose is one of those islets) and in the sunny calm that fell towards noon our favorite crime yarns were discussed. From this, in the Commodore's legal mind, it was a logical transition to the theme of shaving. We did so, and there was a general renovation. Wet clothes and blankets were brought up to air. The emaciated steward was excavated from his berth in the focsle and propped up in the cockpit to air. At high noon, after a final flurry of sun-shooting, the two navigators gave out statements to the Press-box. (The Press was represented by Y. G. and the chronicler, both concerned with journalism. Y. G., incidentally, confided to me that he is writing a book about Eccentrics; we agreed that this voyage should be fertile in material.) Our position was authoritatively stated as 42° 54′ N., 69° 47′ W. You can look it up on the map and see how near it tallied with nasal prognostics.

This reckoning was entered in the log as our position at Wedding Time. For it so happened that this date was the marriage anniversary of one of the company. C. G. 24 was no longer in sight, and anyhow we were not yet in territorial waters. The sound of splitting wood was heard from the main cabin, where we had been barking our shins on those cases for four days. The other three, hearing the Commodore hatcheting down below, looked at each other with a sweet surmise. The shy trafficker, as Matthew Arnold says, undid his corded bales. An empty box came flying up through the companionway and fell with an agreeable thump onto the calm ripple that slid softly by. Honorable men know how to solemnize a date of sentiment. Need I insist what was the stencil on those floating jetsams? Mumm's the word.

* * *

I mark the crossing of 43 Latitude and 70 Longitude, and adjacent undulations, with the triple stars of Baedeker and other magi. By matchbox log we were making some 3½ knots. The scenery was level; the barometer reapproaching 30; the steward himself again. What a meal; and afterward to loaf about the deck, fed and warm. *Iris*, we told the Commodore, looked like Cleopatra's barge that afternoon. The trysail indeed had a Levantine look, and Nile itself could not have been calmer than the sunny drowse into which that day had blossomed. Cushions of cramoisie were strewn about—the sodden mattresses of our cabin settees. A sensual scene with so abandoned an array of socks, slippers, sweaters, oilskins, mittens, blankets, trousers. The Commodore's windbreaker jacket, yellow wool turned outward, hung spread-eagled on a line forward of the mast, like the golden fleece. Now there was time for these Argonauts, these grave Tyrian traders, "freighted with amber grapes and Chian wine," to look at one another and praise the discomforts they had known. Was Matthew Arnold ever a yachtsman? There are so many delightful lines of his that suggest a sea passion. I don't know why it is, but I always think of The Scholar Gipsy when becalmed in a boat. A volume of Arnold should be in every sea library against such afternoons. We had "day and night held on indignantly," and now, as that soft weather lapsed around us to golden shimmer we lived like commas in a perfect poem. It pleases me to remember that at one time that afternoon we spoke affectionately of C. E. Montague—probably reminded by Arnold, of whom Montague had lately written in the *Saturday Review*. We spoke of his exquisitely witty writing, of the great gusto of his lifelong campaign for all liberal and generous causes, of his "Disenchantment," surely one of the noblest and fieriest books of our time. Several times during this voyage C. E. M. had come into our thoughts and conversations. The first news I learned on getting home was of his death, the very day we had arrived in Halifax.

* * *

I have spoken of the *Robin*, the smallest of our little fleet that assembled at Central Wharf. Anxiety as to her welfare was pretty frequent in our thoughts. I should like here to write into the log a copy of a letter to Starling Burgess (our designer) from the undaunted Captain Shadrin, her Russian skipper. This fine sailorly document deserves applause:

I arrived at Gloucester on the 19th day of June at 11 A. M. from Halifax. I was going to leave Halifax on Sunday, the third day of June, with three other boats. While they were going away from the wharf Yacht *Whippet* broke my lower spreader, so I had to remain at the wharf until that was fixed. The 4th day of June was the King's birthday and a local holiday, so I had to wait until Thursday and at 3 o'clock that day I left Halifax. Made Sambro Light at 5:30; at sunset I was becalmed until the 6th day of June at 6:30, made about 10½ miles to Pearl Island. Barometer dropping, wind southeast, breezing up, following a heavy rain. The *Robin* was making good passage about 9½ knots per hour. Began to dip stern and took heavy sea, almost filling up cockpit. At 1 A. M., the 7th day of June, I arrived at Liverpool and anchored; blowing a gale; staying at anchor for 30 hours, and left on June 8th at 8 A. M. proceeding westward. With fair breeze and fair weather, but towards sunset under heavy northwest squalls arrived at Shelbourne at 9 P. M. Yacht *Whippet* going out of the harbor under power and I spoke her. Almost calm with heavy southwest swell running outside. That is the last I saw of the *Whippet*.

On the 9th day of June at 6 P. M. left anchorage and reached Cape Rosevay and returned back to anchorage. That night gale was blowing southwesterly with heavy rainsqualls all night until morning; many vessels arrived at Shelbourne for shelter. By the way I was sorry for my friends in yachts who happened to be out that night. Monday, June 11th, left at 5 P. M. under heavy head swell, choppy sea, and strong tide, making poor headway; anchored at Cape Negro Island on the cove for the night at 8 P. M.

Tuesday, June 12th, left Cape Negro at 7 P. M., wind northerly; made Cape Sable at noon; shifting wind, westerly, increasing sea and heavy tide rips, decided to go into Pubnico; arriving at anchor at 5 P. M. that day, weather threatening, barometer dropping, no show to proceed until the 16th day of June. Captain Red Peter was at Pubnico until the 12th day of June on the yacht *Isolde*, and left there that morning. Then I heard that he went to Tusket Island, from the Customs officer, and stayed there until the 15th of June. All well. I can't say if this report is correct.

I left Pubnico on the 16th day of June, Saturday, at 6 A. M. Fair and clear, barometer 30.15, wind north. Decided to head across the bay. Under various adverse westerly winds I was beating across the Bay of Fundy for three days and nights without any sleep, and with much discomfort. Made Cape Elizabeth Light on the 19th of June at 1.30 A. M. and arrived at Gloucester. All well and secure. Reported and went to rest.

Throughout the entire passage I never had a chance to get on a fair slant and most of time by the wind. Made seven tacks across the Bay. Quality of *Robin* is excellent and she is very reliable and at times I fell in love with her, and can stand up in very rough weather on beam seas almost as good as any schooner; the only objection I have that she is dipping stern in rough following sea. Slight alterations on the cockpit would overcome this weakness.

I am very sorry that I did not report to you beforehand from the ports of anchorage and beg your pardon for anxiety in my behalf. I have enough experience to handle my end to the best advantage under any conditions to a satisfactory end to all concerned.

NICHOLAS L. SHADRIN.

"At times I fell in love with her." There speaks the true seaman.

* * *

We drifted W by N into a warm sunset. Still perhaps unduly doubtful of our reckonings, we drew lots as to what part of the coast we would pick up. At 6.56 p. m. we sighted Cape Ann on the port bow. But we were quite helpless in that delicious calm. We swam idly with the tide. In the dusk we sighted a small power schooner lying enigmatically offshore. With foghorn and flashlight we hallooed her, thinking perhaps she would give us a tow to Rockport; but she paid no heed to our signals. When we drifted almost alongside she replied to our hail with inhospitable monosyllables. Captain Barr at last—perhaps unguardedly—remarked, "What you fellows doin', fishin'?" After that there was complete silence. Probably she was indeed one of Matthew Arnold's shy traffickers. It would have been fun to pop a cork at her in the dark.

We had tiptoed almost into Rockport harbor by midnight, when the tide turned and carried us out again. The Commodore was pleased, as it had always been his intention to make Marblehead anyhow. I have given you no picture of the Commodore at all unless you see him as one who likes to accomplish what he sets out for.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(*To be continued*)

Writing of the "Misadventures of Manuscripts," a contributor to *John O' London's Weekly* says: "A little over twenty years ago a firm of London publishers received the manuscript of a historical novel, without a title and without an author's name. It was published under the title of "The MS. in a Red Box," so called from the fact that it had been forwarded in a box of that color, and it proved very successful; but who the author was was never made public. Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe' was only taken up by Taylor—who purchased the manuscript, and netted one thousand pounds by the publication—after every bookseller in town had refused it. In a similar manner, one bookseller refused to give twenty-five pounds for the MS. of 'Tom Jones'; while another who bought it cleared no less than eighteen thousand pounds for the venture during his lifetime."

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Books of Special Interest

Fine Poems

THE SEVENTH HILL. By ROBERT HILLYER. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $1.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

THIS is Mr. Hillyer's seventh volume of verse. To insist that it is also immeasurably his best is no small compliment to the author of "The Hills Give Promise" and "The Halt in the Garden." His work has passed quietly on from strength to strength. In "The Seventh Hill" he collects fifty poems in which the variety of substance, form, and mood is exceptional. The book is divided into four sections, Meditations, Sonnets, Pastorals, and The Prothalamion, a poem sustaining the lyrical moods of all the three preceding sections at once in some thirty stanzas whose poetic level seldom falls from

And thou art she whom I have seen
Always, but never understood,
In broken shrines festooned with green,
In twilight chapels of the wood;
Or on the hills a shepherdess
Walked with the sun full on her face,
And though her body and her dress
Apparelled her in meek disguise,
I dropped my eyes,
For still I knew the goddess by her pace.

It is the kind of poem which must be read entire or not at all; but even this unfairly isolated fragment is enough to witness the quality of the whole. The formal perfection of this prothalamion is never achieved by a sacrifice of the poet's mood, for that flows spontaneously through the involved music of the delicately constructed stanza, a stanza, by the way, new to me. In a word, this poem is something more than a mere variation on the substance and tune of some previous Prothalamion. It could take an honorable place in the standard anthology of such marriage songs which was published by the Oxford Press (I think) before the war.

The same classical note can be heard in most of the shorter and less ambitious pieces, notably in the sonnets of which six out of nine would not easily be matched in recent American poetry.

. . . at your roots thought like a busy worm
Ticked inward slowly, till you stood apart
When youth had run but half its lovely term,
And heard the spring with autumn in your heart.

But perhaps the best poems in a book from which it is not easy to make selections are to be found in the first and third sections. Here, as in "The Prothalamion," Mr. Hillyer is definitely competing with his dead elders and betters, not like so many of the younger living poets by an attempt to be different, but in the infinitely more difficult and dangerous way of being the same. This is not to suggest that he is playing the sedulous ape. Here, for instance, is a poem that has been written in substance a thousand times previously. But Mr. Hillyer makes the theme his own.

In solemn pause the forest waits
The signal to return;
Within our rotting garden gates
The weeds of autumn burn.

Father to son we held our field
Against the siege of tares,
Knowing our weaker sons would yield
The land no longer theirs.

Knowing how wind and sun and rain
Would fling their green stampedes
Where we who harvested the grain
Lie buried under weeds.

Mr. Hillyer never snatches and never gropes. His voice is his own save in one or two poems where he appears to have failed to grasp the substantive idea with which his conception began and in a few loosely descriptive pieces. But he can translate Wordsworth's "Let the swan on still St. Mary's lake float double swan and shadow" into such a picture as—

Now on the idle pond
Slowly the fallen leaf
Drifts with its double. . . .

without offending a reasonable critic. His direct debts to his predecessors are seldom more serious than this. It might even be said that some of his more general debts are repaid with flesh interest in some of the pastorals. The reader of "The Seventh Hill" will wonder why Mr. Hillyer's name appears so seldom in the anthologies of American verse which, doubtless, load his shelves. I, too, have been wondering.

Gauging Intelligence

THE ABILITIES OF MAN: THEIR NATURE AND MEASUREMENT. By C. SPEARMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1927.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

PROFESSOR SPEARMAN is one of the few, if not the first scientist, to devote himself to the measurement of intelligence as a specialist in that field. One recalls the story told by the Autocrat at the Breakfast Table, of the professor who did not aspire to be an entomologist, far less a zoölogist, and was content to become a competent coleopterist. Professor Spearman is confident that the road to the understanding of the "abilities of man" must be cut through the tangles of mathematical statistics; his specialty is a narrow trail to a broad highway. For here are four hundred thorny pages, with a mathematical justification so formidable that it must be confined in an appendix, hardly fifty pages of which would have been comprehensible to a psychologist when this century opened.

Out of that simple idea of Alfred Binet, designed by means of a few tests to separate the sheep from the goats in the intellectual flock, there has grown a literature, the bibliography of which alone is a sizable volume, and a new profession of intelligence testers. The Spearman approach is a different one, more fundamental, more ambitious, more foundational. Any mere technicity of application must flounder a bit in the empirical sea of tables without adequate soundings of the realm in which flourish the abilities of *homo intelligens*. Most of the workers are bent upon standardization and near-to-surface findings, seeking the proof of their selection in the working thereof.

Dr. Spearman holds that collaterally, if not primarily, we must reach an analytic interpretation of intelligence, must determine what it is we are measuring and the nature of the scale. More than this: he projects the light from the statistical relations of the measured data back upon the nature of intelligence. He makes this relation an instrument of research in a class of its own.

Quite at the other end of the laboratory would be found the clinical study of intelligence in intimate touch with the subject in diagnosis, introspective report, even to the intrusion of a symptom-complex of behavior. Dr. Spearman's procedure is to keep on testing and recording, following the clue of analysis, all manner of manifestations of the unknown X-intelligence not in its individual presence and relations, but in its statistical distribution; and by the further mathematical analysis of the array, determine which of the abilities of men are related to which. Correlation becomes at once the microscope and the search-light of this domain of psychology,—a diagnostic instrument as constantly in the hands of the specialist in intelligence as is the stethoscope in the hands of the internist. What things go together is then the centre of the problem; how do mental abilities flock?

Thus reviewed from the goal backward, there appear divergent concepts of the nature of intelligence. The first is the "monarchic" doctrine that intelligence is one, and you have much or less of it; but as in marital life, the contest arises as to which is the one. One symposium and another was held to settle it, and though eminent psychologists congregated amicably in the flesh, they parted somewhat divided in mind; the camps grew in number. They were all testing something that each regarded as intelligence, but often with the meticulous irrelevance of Tweedledum and Tweedledee, with the ever ready rejoinder of "contrariwise." Yet tests and tables kept marching on.

There is the "oligarchic" doctrine. Not one but a few ruling powers determine intelligence. There was obviously no temptation to return to the discredited "faculties," but rather a matter of types of intelligence confined to a few orders, but again with the difficulty of determining what they were. Consistency in terms of correlation was the chosen arbiter.

There were some adherents of the "anarchic" doctrine, proceeding upon a "general level" or "average" or "sample." In this view all abilities are independent, and there is no general intelligence, only a mosaic of special bits of knacks or aptitudes with something of a pattern; and if you secure a fair sample, you won't go far wrong. There is, for instance, no athletic ability in general, only your place in running, jumping, putting the shot, tennis, rowing, riding, or flying. We are specialists all, however much in the duffer class.

Then came the salvation of the "eclectic" doctrine and the discovery of the two factors by Spearman: the general ability or intelligence now baptized the "*g*," and the special abilities or aptitudes, known as the "*s*." Those proficiencies in which a high rating in one goes with a high rating in another, show a general intellectual factor (or athletic ability), combined with the low-correlating special abilities merged in the specific performance that is tested; and this mode of analysis is as applicable to proficiency in drawing logical analogies as in jumping high hurdles.

Now that is where the book begins and the reviewer's function of pointing out the nature of the enterprise stops. From the accumulation of detailed studies on which Professor Spearman with a corps of associates have been at work for twenty years, there develops a complete system of interpretation which only the fellow-specialists can follow. And even here the practitioners will have trouble and only the small band of those who have delved behind the returns, like Thorndike, Thurstone, Peterson in this country, will find themselves at home.

But the reach of the Spearman approach goes beyond this. By the same instrument one may investigate the detailed operation of the mind, for instance that of fatigue. Throughout Dr. Spearman considers the general factor as an "energy" and the special as the several "engines" through which it manifests. There is general fatigue and special fatigues; change of occupation rests because of the "*s*" factor, but not indefinitely because of the "*g*" factor. At the end of the evening, when I can no longer take in a chapter of Spearman, I can still enjoy the *Saturday Review*; but if I have read too many chapters, I must repair to an energy filling-station and go to bed. Still further: ability alone is not the only general factor in total result. Much depends upon how much I care, how much I try. This takes us out of the cognitive into what is called the connotive or emotional-willing factor, which likewise has a general and a special phase in the same terms of available energy, and how we tap the reservoirs. Correlation will decide. Again, some maintain that there are those who have ability enough if you give them time enough; this proves a hopeless consolation. The slow-witted are the dull-witted; and correlation shows it. If, when we cannot measure we are content to resort to estimates, the field of application broadens. The influences of age, of sex, of heredity are all studiable by the correlation method, and in Dr. Spearman's hands lead to engaging reflection and conclusion.

Correlation is not a magical device; but it does work wonders in suggesting if not establishing, and in refuting as well as disputing. It matters little what you take, you get some kind of an answer. If a sense of humor were related to height, then there would be a strong positive correlation between the order of "humor ability" among a group of men and their order in tallness; the fact that there is no such correlation indicates the absence of any such bond. What might be found if we took weight or girth, is not so clear. Falstaff and Hamlet are of different physique. But less conjecturally, intelligence does correlate (within limits) with a sense of humor; wit is intellectual. Is it also soluble into a "*g*" and an "*s*"? The prospect of statistical exploration among the qualities of men is an inviting one. It humanizes even the dry bones of statistics.

How far the Spearman approach has found acceptance cannot be readily indicated. Psychologists are critical rather than contentious. Dr. Spearman is soon coming to this country to expound his theses. He richly merits and will receive a welcome and a hearing.

Ethnic Homogeneity

AMERICA: NATION OF CONFUSION. By EDWARD R. LEWIS. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD
New York University

MR. LEWIS is a lawyer. This may, or may not, have something to do with his gift of clear thinking. At any rate, he thinks clearly, reads widely, and speaks fearlessly.

This is a very refreshing book. One reason is that the author has tapped a rather novel vein of sources, or several veins. His references and quotations somehow or other create an impression quite distinct from that of the familiar type of immigration treatise, bearing the earmarks on every page of the professional approach. Not but what Mr. Lewis reads the Congressional Record and quotes from it liberally. But he also reads all sorts of reports, speeches, magazine articles, etc., and displays a *flair* for culling from every quarter observations that have a bearing on the subject in which he is so much interested.

The book is particularly refreshing for the vigorous manner in which it shows up the futility of most of the sentimental twaddle that is talked about immigrants and imigration. It might have been entitled, "De-Bunking the 'Liberal' Immigration Policy." Thus on page forty-five we find a curt disposal of the allegation that Americans of the old stock will not do hard manual work because they regard it as intrinsically demeaning. On page 104 the author shows the inconsistency of those foreigners who accuse native Americans of selfishness because they want to keep the United States for themselves, while these same foreigners are doing their best to get possession of it. One of the author's best pieces of work is to show up the amazing effrontery of the Inter-Racial Council which, in 1920-21, was broadcasting over the country the assertion that our industry was suffering from a labor shortage of 5,000,000 men while at the very r there were 2,500,000 workers (mar temporary estimates put the total a that figure) unemployed.

The main thesis of the book is well indicated by the title. Mr. Lewis believes, and adduces abundant evidence in support of his belief, that no nation can prosper internally, or take any significant part in world affairs, that is not knit together into a coherent and sympathetic unit by various ties of ethnic homogeneity. After diversity passes a certain limit it ceases to be a nation. The United States was heading straight for national dissolution until the quota law put a stop to unlimited immigration. Even now, we have a tremendous problem on our hands to cement up the rifts in national unity that are evident on every side.

It must have seemed to many Americans that when the quota law was finally made permanent, the immigration question was virtually settled for good and all. But those who knew how persistent, determined, almost desperate are the forces that work for free admission realized that a long struggle and constant vigilance would be required to hold the ground already won, to say nothing of extending the principle of restriction to its logical limit. All sorts of modifications and substitutes for the existing law are being, and will be, urged. One of the most specious of these is "selective immigration," and Mr. Lewis has done a good service in exposing its inherent fallacy.

We shall need to think clearly and stand firmly in immigration matters for many years to come, and books like the present, full of information and sound counsel, will continue to be needed and should receive a cordial welcome.

Miss Isabel Hapgood, for many years a reviewer, foreign correspondent, and at one time an editorial writer, died recently in her seventy-eighth year. She was an authority on the Russian classics and had made several creditable translations of Tolstoy, Gogol, Gorky, and Turgeniev. She also prepared "The Service Book for the Greco-Russian Church" and translated a number of the French literary masterpieces. After a long affiliation with the New York *Evening Post*, she contributed reviews and editorials to the New York Sunday *Sun* for two years. Her letters and articles on the various aspects of Soviet Russia have appeared frequently in the New York *Times*.

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Books of Special Interest

Flowers and Gardens

SPRING IN THE LITTLE GARDEN. By FRANCES EDGE MCILWAINE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1928. $1.75.

THE ANNUALS OF FLOWERLAND. By ALICE T. A. QUACKENBUSH. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $1.50.

MORE ARISTOCRATS OF THE GARDEN. By ERNEST H. WILSON. Boston: The Stratford Company. 1928. $5.

A CONSIDERABLE number of the people who love flowers, make gardens, or who are interested in collecting trees and shrubs are impelled to write about the objects of their passion. To a degree unknown to the stamp or coin collector, or to students of nature whose tastes run to shells, bird's-eggs, or butterflies, horticultural activity demands literary expression. In the seventeenth century the enthusiasm of scientists over plant forms from the New World, and the vogue of gardening in the world of fashion, culminated in a series of great books on horticulture which combined erudition and literary excellence. Since then the output of horticultural books has steadily increased, constituting now a vast "Garden Literature." It may seem invidious to note that as the stream has widened it has grown more shallow, and that quality and quantity are in inverse ratio. Glorious exceptions to these harsh dicta are found in Lady Amherst's "History of Gardening in England" and in the delightful botanical essays of Canon Vaughan. But as a general rule, after reading a modern book on gardening turn back and refresh the spirit with Gerard, Parkinson, or John Evelyn.

Two pitfalls betray the feet—or the pen—of most writers of Garden Books: the tendency to moralize and the tendency to sentimentalize. Anyone who has spent many hours of a hot summer day hoeing, weeding, or planting, or who has combated a sudden plague of green aphis or Japanese beetle, or who has watched valuable seedlings washed away by flood, or scorched by a too-hot sun, or exterminated by blight or rust, has a sense of the Power of Evil, and of the futility of human effort, undreamed-of by the mercantile city-dweller. A Dirt Farmer regards weeds as sin, and the ripened fruit as the reward of righteous effort. When he turns author he is apt to moralize on these horticultural themes.

The Flower Gardener (usually a woman) works in a world of myriad changing forms, with, however, certain persistent characteristics. The flowering plant lives through a cycle of experience not unlike that of a human being. Each has a life history from bud to flower, and from flowers to fruit, comparable with youth, maturity, and age. Life follows death as generation succeeds generation. So the Lady Authoress of a Garden Manual is apt to speak of "flower folk," "a dainty flower lady with ruffled petticoats," or the "Queen of Flora's realm," even when she knows better.

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None of the writers of the books listed above have resisted with complete success the temptations which their subject offers to commit the pathetic fallacy. They are, however, minor offenders, and Miss McIlwaine and Mr. Wilson are strongly recommended to mercy. "Spring in the Little Garden" is an admirable book on the planning, care, and selection of spring-blooming plants in the district about Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Maryland. It has special chapters on bulbs, the cultivation of native wild flowers, flowering vines, and excellent directions for the growing of primroses, for which Miss McIlwaine is renowned.

"The Annuals of Flowerland" is a series of notes on the more familiar annuals arranged alphabetically according to their botanical names. Mrs. Quackenbush tells us that "the folk of flowerland, just like those of humanland, are divided into families and their world has its aristocrats and social distinctions, while some of the 'first families" must confess an occasional black sheep. . . . Some have known the romance of far-away places or the dignity of legend; about a few has gathered the spice of gossip." The book contains unusual bits of information and is readable if one's sense of style can be kept in abeyance. The following comment of the Ranunculaceæ is typical: "Such nice persons as Hellebore, Aconite, Cimicifuga, possess a substance which, although it is made into useful drugs, makes the roots poisonous. Not so temperate a family after all!"

"The name is one of the most mirth-provoking in botany; nothing less than the diminutive for frog—a little frog. Why? I have my theory; have you?"

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Of far more significance to the practical gardener than either of these is Mr. Ernest H. Wilson's volume which supplements his "Aristocrats of the Garden," first published in 1917. In compact form he gives precise information about the rarer and more unusual species of flowering trees and shrubs, many of which he has discovered in his expeditions into Western China, and has introduced into American gardens through the good offices of the Arnold Arboretum. Six introductory chapters deal with suggestions for background planting, shore gardens, "street trees," hedges, etc. Then follow sixteen special reports on remarkable or new species of such old garden favorites as honeysuckles, deutzias, spiræas, and viburnums. Of especial value are his chapters on wild roses, dogwoods, American crabapples, and hawthornes.

"Chinese Wilson," the Keeper of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, has done more than any man of his generation to enrich Western gardens with a variety of beautiful and distinguished plants from the Orient. He has carried on the great tradition of botanical exploration and plant hunting begun by the Tradescants, the Bartrams, Sir Joseph Banks, Allan Cunningham and Robert Fortune. Unfortunately his "Naturalist in Western China" has long been out of print, but "Plant Hunting" (1927), which gives an all-too modest account of his own work, is a book packed with interest, and should be read by every botanist and gardener.

Antiquated Comparisons

OUR FATHERS' FAITH AND OURS. By DAVID S. SCHAFF, D.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928.

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

IN this book Dr. Schaff, who lectures on American Church History at the Union Theological Seminary, presents a comparison between "Protestantism and Romanism" which, it must be confessed, seems an inadequate and somewhat antiquated handling of a subject that sadly needs an unbiased treatment. The author has several fatal weaknesses, among which are these. First, he is not content with quoting Roman formularies, but adds thereto interpretations of his own, often such as no Catholic theologian would countenance. This is particularly true of the doctrine of Penance, which, according to Dr. Schaff, makes the priest the source rather than the channel of forgiveness. There are a good many other examples. Second, although he says in his preface that he understands the English Church, and especially Anglo-Catholicism, throughout the book there is no evidence that he at all sees the curious comprehension of Catholicism and Protestantism which makes that insular establishment a different creature altogether from Lutheranism and Calvinism. Third, and more astonishing, there is no indication that Dr. Schaff has ever pondered at all the social and political determinants of the Reformation. Fourth, and most strange, one finds no indication of the necessary transformation which has come about in Protestantism because of Biblical Criticism. The author takes an attitude toward the scriptures that the sixteenth century might have taken, but that few modern people can accept. This might do if he were writing about Protestantism as an interesting antiquarian curiosity, but his title implies that it is a faith of here and now of which he is speaking.

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Last of all, his presentation of contemporary Protestantism is utterly inadequate, in that he assumes a unity within it which it does not possess. It varies in fact and theory as widely as Bishop Gore differs from Bruce Barton, Dr. Straton from Dr. Reiland, Prebendary Mackaye from Billy Sunday, or Dr. Schaff from his colleague at the Union Seminary, Dr. Fosdick. Dr. Schaff seems to think that the formularies of Calvin, toned down a little on total depravity and infant damnation, are twentieth century Protestantism.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

A LECTURE ON LECTURES (Hogarth Lectures No. 1). By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $1.

Lectures, this lecture admits, have no such standing in higher education as of old when books were scarce. In many obvious respects a text-book is a better instrument of knowledge than a speaker. Moreover, at Oxford, professors give too many lectures and students attend too many of them.

It must be said, however, that something goes from the direct personality of a man which you will not find in the text-book he has written. The ideal situation is something like a Dialogue of Socrates where the teacher is dominant and the pupils active participants. A lecture subject to interruption and discussion from a large class or audience is not very practical. It is a question of numbers. The conversational group and the occasional large lecture seems to be in part the Oxford method. Perhaps there is no better. "Our English tripos," he says, "is designed, not to detect what you don't know, but to discover what you do. The examination paper gives you some twenty questions or more, of which you are almost forbidden to answer more than five." The object of a university is not so much to impart knowledge as to induce men to think for themselves. The last of the four Platonic cardinal virtues is the untranslatable word *Sophrosynè*, which does not mean temperance, or self control, or modesty, or tranquillity, though something of them all—a sort of high and serene common sense, "an assured mental grace," a certain magnanimity and the poise of a scholar and a gentleman. A youth who answered to the aspiration of Sir John Denham's Address to the River Thames,

O, could I flow with thee and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, not too dull;
Strong without rage; without overflowing full

"might perchance, by intensive culture, satisfy a tutor's idea of *Sophrosynè*; but quite as likely the rest of the world would pronounce him a first class prig."

PORTRAITS IN COLOR. By MARY WHITE OVINGTON. Viking. 1928.

The twenty American negroes presented here are not selected as the most distinguished representatives of the race, but to illustrate the wide range of its ability. Distinction is not a term of fixed definition. Only four or five of the list are names very generally known. The two most curiously interesting careers are perhaps those of Marcus Garvey and Max Yergan. The author has well established her thesis. There are among the twenty: two singers, Hayes and Robeson; one sculptor, Meta Fuller; four poets and men of letters, an editor, a doctor, a lawyer, a banker, a biologist, three educators, and three social workers.

VALUES IN LITERATURE. By *Edward Wagenknecht*. University of Washington Bookstore.

RECONSIDERATIONS. By *E. E. Kellett*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

JAPANESE ALL. By *J. Ingram Bryan*. Dutton. $2.50.

Biography

JAY GOULD: THE STORY OF A FORTUNE. By ROBERT IRVING WARSHOW. New York: Greenberg. 1928. $4.

A thorough, careful, penetrating study of Jay Gould would be of the utmost value to students of American finance and railroading, while its elements of drama and psychological interest might make it as exciting a tale as has ever been told. Henry Adams remarked that neither Balzac nor Dumas ever reached "a conception bolder or more melodramatic" than the bald facts of Jay Gould's career before the age of thirty-two. A short time before he had been a penniless young surveyor; the year 1868 saw him undisputed master of one of the greatest American trunk lines, the Erie, with thirty-five millions of capital. His subsequent adventures were hardly less remarkable. The history of American transportation contains few such stories—fortunately—as that of Gould's bold and brilliantly successful campaign for control of the Union Pacific. "He is the smartest man in America," said Commodore Vanderbilt. "His touch is as death," remarked Daniel Drew. For nearly thirty years he loomed up as the most sinister, the most hated, the most feared of all the great American capitalists, and he left behind him a name that typifies to the public all that is worst in financial brigandage, trickery, and corruption.

To the elucidation of this career Mr. Warshow's slender volume of 180 pages makes a regrettably small contribution. It is based almost entirely on secondary sources of the most obvious kind. It brings forward no new information of any note. None of the crowding questions which Jay Gould's career suggests to the inquiring mind are answered. Did he, as E. H. Mott, the historian of the Erie Railroad, affirms, really regenerate that road and leave it a better property than when it first fell into the hands of himself and his detestable comrades, Jim Fisk and Daniel Drew? Is it true that, in his control of the Western Union, he basely cheated Thomas A. Edison—as Edison's biographers affirm—of money legitimately due on his inventions, or is there another side to that story? Was the Union Pacific raid as indefensibly piratical as it looked? Can anything whatever be said in palliation of the Black Friday episode, and what were the precise relations of Gould and Fisk on the day the market broke? Mr. Warshow has given us merely a journalistically written outline of Gould's life, playing up the more picturesque events in a way which will appeal to the general reader, but nowhere getting beneath the surface. Where the book is best is in its treatment of Gould's boyhood days in Roxbury, New York (the birthplace of John Burroughs as well), and here a few original documents have been used. The remainder is but a *rechauffé* of the materials which can be gathered from newspaper clippings, Sunday supplements, and articles in popular magazines.

MEMOIRS OF A WHITE CROW INDIAN. By THOMAS B. MARQUIS. Century. New York. 1928. $3.

In "Memoirs of a White Crow Indian" we have one of the documents, though not an important one, from which our impression of primitive life is yet to be corrected. Thomas H. Leforge is one of those White men who, in the far west of sixty years ago, went native altogether, taking a Crow wife and living the outward life of her people. The book gives the impression of authenticity, and is an interesting commentary on the manner in which one may live with primitives and never know them in any way except objectively.

TWENTY YEARS WITH JAMES G. BLAINE. By *Thomas H. Sherman*. Grafton Press. $3.50.

HERBERT BOOTH. By *Ford C. Ottman*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50.

THE AMERICAN SECRETARIES OF STATE AND THEIR DIPLOMACY. Edited by *Samuel Flagg Bemis*. Vol. V. Knopf.

THE LIFE OF LORD CURZON. By the *Earl of Ronaldshay*. Vol II. Boni & Liveright.

EPOCHS OF GREEK AND ROMAN BIOGRAPHY. By *Duane Reed Stuart*. University of California Press.

MAKERS OF NURSING HISTORY. Edited by *Meta Rutter Pennock*. New York: Lakeside Publishing Co.

IRA ALLEN. By *James Benjamin Wilbur*. Houghton Mifflin. 2 vols. $12.50.

GEORGE ELIOT'S FAMILY LIFE AND LETTERS. By *Arthur Paterson*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE PREPARATION OF STEWART BURTON NICHOLS. By *Martha S. Nichols*. New York: Grafton Press.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND THE NOCTES AMBROSIANAE. By *Carrie Thompson Lowell*.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON. By *S. Brodetsky*. Boston: Luce.

Fiction

THE SIX PROUD WALKERS. By FRANCIS BEEDING. Little, Brown. 1928. $2 net.

Mr. Beeding's story, though it is cut on a familiar pattern, yet loses nothing in interest because the general trend of its incidents can easily be forecast. It is a lively yarn, with a thinly disguised Mussolini for pivot, Rome for background, the Catacombs for variety, and a succession of startling incidents for spice. Mr. Beeding has shown ingenuity in the devising of situations and complications as well as skill in the unfolding of his tale; interest is never allowed to flag and suspense and doubt are sustained to the end. International embroilments which have so long furnished Mr. Phillips Oppenheim with motive and involvements for his romances yield equally effective material to Mr. Beeding's pen. They afford, indeed, an excellent balance for the somewhat extravagant incidents they precipitate, for whenever the latter begin to smack too strongly of the violences of a Rome that is past their realistic detail serve to delude the reader into acceptance of the improbable. "The Six Proud Walkers" is good entertainment.

THE BEST CONTINENTAL SHORT STORIES OF 1927. Edited by RICHARD EATON. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.50.

This attempt to collect stories from each nation of Europe, with the exception of France and Great Britain, and to present them in translation to American audiences, is no doubt laudable. But in results of a literary character it is obvious that little can be hoped from such a conglomeration. While the selection is a trifle more interesting than in 1926, and contains at least two really first-class stories (from the viewpoint of the American reader, that is), the impression given by the whole is not happy.

In fact, to find an equivalent in sheer heterogeneity, attendance at the meeting of a League of Nations sub-committee would be necessary. It is also clear that it is generally easier to find a good short story in the very large production of, for example, Germany during the past year, than it is in the necessarily limited and localized output of Lettonia and Armenia. Consequently it is in the smaller countries that we find the least comprehensible efforts. "St. Sophie's Shoe," by Adolph Erss, may be the success of the season in the land of its origin, but it is plainly ridiculous to us. Like all such collections, however, "Continental Short Stories" preserves a certain amount of excellent work, of which Herr Rilke's extraordinary fable, "Melchizedek on the Roof Tops," and Roman Gomez de la Serna's modern fantasy, "The Master of the Atom," are especially to be distinguished. The translations are sometimes easy to read, but employ more often the affectedly colloquial jargon of the hack "renderer into English."

REMBRANDT, A ROMANCE OF DIVINE LOVE AND ART. By SANDOR BRODY. Translated out of the Hungarian by LOUIS RITTENBERG. New York: Globus Press. 1928.

The greatest individual contributes his share of physical and moral sewage, so stercospection is one of the possible ways of approaching and interpreting genius. It is the way chosen by Sándor Bródy to reach the soul of Rembrandt. What is actually reached is a bloated and crumbling body afflicted by senile greensickness, ministered to by hovering female will-o'-the-wisps equally infected with juvenile greensickness. Imagine Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower" stripped of its somewhat insidious poetry, vulgarized in style and feeling, Mormonized—and you have approximately this book. It is for amateurs of machine-made pornography of the sicklier sort. Robust pornographs and gentler readers will alike find the book disgusting, and need only the warning that the records of Rembrandt's none too orderly life give no warrant for the picture of degeneracy here presented under the auspices of divine love and art.

SHEAVES. By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER. Century. 1928. $2.

This is a conventional light love story, the kind in which every turn of the plot may be correctly predicted long before the author brings it into actual view. A mischievous boy, basking idly in the affluence of his millionaire uncle, is suddenly cast adrift by the latter and bidden henceforth to shift for himself. But does the lad despair? Far from it. He at once forsakes the paths of vice, takes the job a friend offers, falls in love with a blond goddess, and is soon, though not very logically, prospering as an architect. Meanwhile, uncle too is changing, incredibly brightened and invigorated by the charms of a Broadway dancer to whom he becomes affianced. That is not all which happens in the story—there is far more.

(*Continued on next page*)

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JEROME
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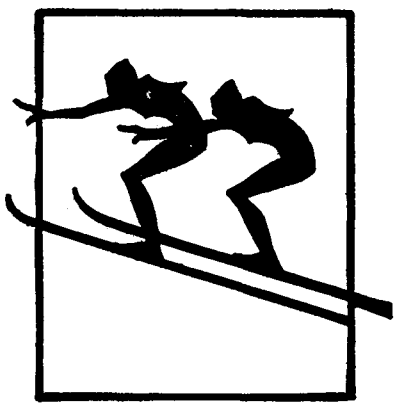
By MAURICE BEDEL



JEROME, French, and therefore the perfect lover, playwright and so an authority on life, young and filled with illusions—meets UNI, daughter of cold Norway, female and to be treated chivalrously, young and, of course, unsophisticated. But Jerome's idea of the latitude of love was not the same as Uni's. . . .

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Surréalisme

By Bravig Imbs

THE word "surréalisme" has been badly translated into English as "super-realism." The translation is misleading as it suggests the writing of a super-Dreiser whereas realism with the surréalistes is only the point of departure. Much closer to the meaning of the word would be the term "transcendent realism." The actual definition of the word, however, was made by one of the leaders of the movement, André Breton, in his famous "Manifeste du Surréalisme" (published a few years ago) when he said he believed in "the future resolution of those two seemingly contradictory states, dream and reality, into a sort of absolute reality, a *surréalité* if it may so be called."

Since that time surréalisme has become much more than a glamorous theory; it has attached to itself young writers and painters of unquestionably great talent and is exerting an influence not only over Paris but over the whole of Europe. Especially to young American writers in Paris hovering between the two poles of Joyce and Stein, surréalisme offers a new magnetic field.

One does not quarrel with realism. It was a valuable movement which saved us from the ludicrous posturings of Romanticism and Puritanism, but it has served its purpose and it is no longer sufficient. The realist in his interminable cataloguing of unimportant objects lost the pleasure of words for their own sake and failed to record the existence of the imagination. And he forgot laughter.

These are some of the elements of literature that the young Frenchmen are attempting to restore. One of the group, Louis Aragon, says, "Nothing can assure me of reality. Nothing, neither the exactness of logic nor the strength of sensation, can assure me that I do not base it on the delirium of interpretation," while André Breton more concretely concludes, "I insist that if two drops of water have such a resemblance it is because there is but one drop."

Thus we see in the very beginning the surréalistes abolish the noble structure of logic in order to make a place where the imagination may expand. The realist is interested in objects whereas the surréaliste is interested in images that objects invoke in his mind. These images he feels are the authentic material for art. When his poem is written he is not concerned if it "mean" anything or not. Certainly the surréaliste poems "mean" nothing in the vulgar sense of the word but they are nevertheless, existent, vivid, and beautiful—and is that not all that matters? For example, this little poem of Paul Eluard's (reprinted from *Transition*, translated by Eugene Jolas):

POEM

Your hair of oranges in the emptiness of the world,
In the emptiness of window panes heavy with silence
And with shadows where my naked hands seek all your reflections

The form of your heart is chimerical,
And your love resembles my lost desire.
O amber sighs, O looks, O dreams!

But you were not always with me. My memory
Is still darkened by having seen you come
And go. Time uses words like Love.

The communication of Eluard's precise and sensitive imagination is almost as direct here as in music, though he does not use words as music nor a musical form. The effect is achieved by the logic-disintegrating force of the image. Throughout Eluard's work (and he has published several books) one is aware of an imagination volcanic and tender, precise and capricious.

Besides Eluard there is another poet, Robert Desnos, who has lately published a volume of prose, "La Liberté ou L'Amour," a work which displays a violent yet sophisticated sense of humor and fantasy that freshens up the stale French language so that it seems almost new. The first chapters of this book have been translated and published in *transition*, that lively American magazine published in Paris, which has at all times maintained a highly sympathetic attitude to the surréalistes. Indeed, Americans who do not read French and who are nevertheless interested in what modern writers of other nations are doing will find more than an introduction to surréalisme in various issues of this magazine.

Next to Desnos stand Louis Aragon, whose book, "Le Paysan de Paris," while not exhibiting that same richness of rhetoric that belongs to Desnos, makes up for it by the prodigality of his images. Aragon makes a new legend in this book, incorporating Paris with a region of his mind. Much of the story passes in the no longer existent Passage de l'Opéra, that dusty underground street with its glass roof, where a stamp dealer's shop stood next to a bath house and a coiffeur's *salon pour dames* opposite a cane shop. As in a dream, its real and unnatural citizens mingle without reason, while the poster, a new personage, tells the story of the stamp dealer crisply on the shutters of his shop:

Ferme pour Cause
de Maladie

and then a little later,

Ferme pour Cause
de Deces.

Two other interesting writers of the surréaliste group who have not yet published books are Marcel Noll and Georges Ribemont-Dessaignes. The latter makes his living raising pigs outside of Paris and has written poetry that is notable for a peculiar perverse quality of mockery. This untitled poem is a little like Pope gone berserk:

He put his hat upon the ground and filled it with earth
And sowed therein a tear with his finger
Up sprang a large geranium
Countless pumpkins ripened in the foliage
He opened his mouth with its gold-teeth and said
Oo-wii
He shook the branches of the babylon willow cooling the air
And the pregnant woman through the skin of her womb
Showed the child the crescent of a still-born moon
Put on his head the hat imported from Germany
The woman had a miscarriage by Mozart
While in an armored car there passed
A harpist
And amid the sky of doves
Tender Mexican doves ate Spanish flies.

Ribemont-Dessaignes has also written prose in a brilliant lapidary style, possessing less of the imaginative velocity that characterizes the prose of Noll, but always more sure of himself and more solid.

Of all the painters who have adopted surréalistic principles the outstanding ones are Joan Miro, Max Ernst, Yves Tanguy, and André Masson. Yves Tanguy is certainly the painter of a dream; distance is more than physical in his work, for the strange regions of his mind seem to extend endlessly. While more abstract than Tanguy, Miro's work is marked with a light-heartedness and gayety that is rare and delightful in a Spaniard. Nor is Ernst, painting in grays and dark blues and black, without wit. His painting, "Madonna and Child," has been much commented on in Paris, for instead of portraying the conventional mutual adoration of his two subjects, the Madonna is vigorously spanking the bawling Holy Child. Quite apart from Ernst and the others is André Masson. His painting is lyrical and he has taken his recent inspiration from the wonders of submarine life, transcribing its rhythms and colors in a decorative manner.

Man Ray, the American photographer, is also closely associated with the surréalistes and though some of his paintings have been exhibited at the Galérie Surréaliste, he is chiefly important for his work in abstract motion picture films. He has lately finished one of greater length than the others and cut-outs from it have aroused the keenest interest.

The spokesman and critic of the group is André Breton. It is he who formulated the main principles of surréalisme in his "Manifeste du Surréalisme" and recently and more clearly has demonstrated the sovereignty of the imagination in his "Introduction to the Discourse on the Dearth of Reality" which was also published in *transition*. This work fulfils creative and critical functions simultaneously; it is a comment on Latin civilization and modern art, but above all it is an insistence on the fact that the only thing of worth in art is the imagination it portrays and that the greatness of any art is directly proportionate to the greatness of the imagination depicted.

Breton has a classical lucidity to his style but his work is never dry. He writes but little, for with the rest of the surréalistes he has a fear of drowning his imagination in ink and feels that life is to be lived, not made a slave to words. This attitude, which is held by all the surréalistes, while it does not make for mass production, does make for intensity, vitality and sincerity.

Certainly their Galérie on the Rue Callot is a lively spot in Paris. It was the first Galérie to develop an intelligent appreciation of primitive art by its constant exhibitions of Negro and Indian sculpture and paintings. It is only necessary to look at a Negro mask to see why the surréalistes would be enthusiastic over it. The mask has its basis in reality, but all the rest is a manifestation of pure imagination, thus perfectly fulfilling the surréaliste conception of art.

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE HAWK OF COMO. By John Oxenham. Longmans, Green. 1928. $2.

Mr. Oxenham bases this historical novel upon what little there is known of the life of Gian de Medici, an all but forgotten sixteenth century Milanese adventurer (he was no kin of the celebrated Florentine Medicis) who rose from obscurity to the eminence of a military chieftain in the wars of his native dukes against the French, usurping the powers of a virtual dictator through the conquest by his mercenaries of the country bordering Lake Como. There he erected a huge fortress, long impregnable to the assaults of his foes, and within it he lived with his family and followers until the death of his beloved wife and child sent him forth, broken hearted, to serve the sovereigns of other lands. The author adheres throughout his narrative to plausibility, depicting the character of Gian and the events, mainly conjectured, of his career, with a simple realism which adds greatly to the merit and appeal of the story.

THE BITTER END. By John Brophy. Dutton. 1928. $2.50.

The war is utilized in this uncommonly fine novel to portray the vital influences of the conflict exercised within a sensitive English boy of seventeen who enlists in 1914, is twice wounded, and survives in hospital to see the disillusioning end of the catastrophe. The unhackneyed angle from which the narrative is viewed—the theme is closely concentrated in evolving the boy's character from the profound cumulative effects of his war service—gives the story a freshness and vigor not often equalled in war tales these days. Though the author's name is a new one to us, he writes a prose of mature, forceful eloquence of which many an established novelist could be proud.

WAR DRUMS. By Herbert Ravenel Sass. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

There was a time in the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries when pirates, buccaneers, and smugglers did much as they pleased on the coast of the Carolinas. Once the notorious Blackbeard sent an emissary to tell the royal governor in Charleston that his crew needed medicines, and that unless a goodly supply were sent out to him forthwith, the heads of various prominent merchants—men captured *en route* to London a few days earlier—would be presented to the colonial Council. Blackbeard got the drugs. It is of these days that Herbert Ravenel Sass, best known for his nature sketches, writes in this stirring romance. The hero is a young Scotchman, Lachlan McDonald; the heroine is a Charleston lass; and the action moves from the Spanish Main, where privateersmen and buccaneers infest the seas, to the wilderness frontier, where there are hostile Indian tribes to be faced. From chapter to chapter Lachlan wends his way through the perils offered by pirates, savage Cherokees, and Spaniards, and finally wins safety and the hand of the divine Jolie Stanwicke. To those who like cloak and sword, the play of pistols, dialogues in which hot-headed men spit oaths and threats at each other, and interludes of gallant lovemaking, the book may be warmly commended. Mr. Sass knows his historic background well.

THE SEA KING. By Harry Soiberg. Translated from the Danish by Edwin Bjorkman. Morrow. 1928. $2.50.

The novels of Soiberg enjoy a considerable popular and critical esteem in his native country, but if this story, his first to appear in English, is typical of them, there seems slight chance that his work will meet with a joyous reception from American readers. A fishing village on the west coast of Denmark is the setting; Ole Skarpe, "The Sea King," an aged tyrant, tight-fisted, narrow, stony-hearted, the dominant character. By his covetous austerity he causes the suicide of an inoffensive villager, his debtor for a paltry sum, and drives to despair his own daughter, Semine, through refusing to allow her marriage to the poor but worthy man she loves. Ole is also responsible for the equally severe sufferings of others, and one reads the book vainly waiting for the approach of his just retribution. A sour, infinitely stolid tale, told without a trace of imagination, color, or human appeal, it is yet a perfect example of bare, surface realism, and as such is a potent lesson.

SWORDS ON THE SEA. By Agnes Danforth Hewes. Knopf. 1928. $3.

The struggle for supremacy between fourteenth century Venice and Genoa in maritime trade with the Near East provides the historic motive of this romance. Two Venetian youths are dispatched by their elders on important commercial missions to Syria, in the accomplishment of which they meet with innumerable adventures on land and sea. While they are thus engaged abroad, Venice is stricken by famine, and the city's access to food cut off by the blockade of the Genoan fleet. The two boys, on learning of the disaster at home, succeed in capturing a huge hidden wheat supply and transporting it to the Venetian ships lying off the Syrian coast. Genoan war galleys attack the Venetians, but are defeated, and the precious food cargoes reach Venice in time to save the starving populace from annihilation. The story seems to us undistinguished and calculated to interest the juvenile rather than the mature reader.

LOVE ME ANISE. By Arthur J. Rees. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

A solemn variation of the ancient triangle is enacted here by an eminent English surgeon, Sir John Gordon; his beautiful wife, Anise, and a young peer, Lord Gwynne Montveux, who has a weak chest and frail moral sense. Unknown to them, Sir John observes the flirtatious couple engaged in hearty kissing, a sight which greatly disturbs him, but being a generous and considerate man to others, he keeps the discovery to himself and decides that he must give Anise her freedom so that she may marry the interloper. It is evident that Anise and Gwynne have never passed beyond the bounds of decency in expressing their mutual affection, but John feels it is his painful duty to sacrifice his own happiness in order that theirs may be assured. At the height of his worry, fate intervenes by afflicting Gwynne with pneumonia (remember his weak chest) and putting him under John's care to cure or let die. Competent characterization of the principals and the skill with which the author works in the background, the Sussex downs, save the book from sheer banality.

(*Continued on page* 1040)

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

In a town in Northern New Jersey is a club of young married women meeting once a week for an hour's reading aloud. It is in search of books of interest to the majority, which will stimulate discussion around the tea-table of some different line from the daily difficulties of the household. The most successful books read in the four years of the club's existence have been "Microbe Hunters," "The Royal Road to Romance," "Trader Horn," and Bertrand Russell's "Education and the Good Life." It is now considering whether L. P. Jacks's "Constructive Citizenship" would be a good choice.

ANYTHING at all by L. P. Jacks would be a good choice; this man is a choice spirit. He is one of those writers whose admirers believe they have him pretty much to themselves, being far too good for the crowd, and then are taken aback to discover how great a crowd of his admirers there are. Once when I wished to make a rapid rereading of all he had written, I tried to gather everything in the Circulation Department of the N. Y. Public Library, and found that of a long list of titles not one was on the shelves, nor was one to be secured at any time I tried.

As Bertrand Russell has been a popular choice, try his presentation, in "Philosophy," of the world in which we live and that in which we seem to live, or Everett Dean Martin's "The Meaning of a Liberal Education," or H. A. Overstreet's "A Book About Ourselves," a study of human behavior. If a provocative work on child-training is called for, how about John B. Watson's "Psychological Care of Infant and Child" (Norton)? The famous behaviorist believes that our conduct is "built in" by environment rather than by heredity, and that the parent does much for which the ancestor is blamed or praised. The book gives advice in many matters, including the treatment of "tantrums," and has a section on the routine of night and day care. Another reading club has asked for a list of books in view of the coming Presidential election; this will soon appear, but the one with which I began it, André Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" (Harcourt, Brace), would make a fine addition to this club's equipment.

R. C. W. asks for books that will give authoritative information on Spanish-American opinion in the Cuban War, besides that in C. E. Chapman's "History of the Cuban Republic," with which he is familiar; these may be in Spanish or English.

IN English there are A. G. Robinson's "Cuba and the Intervention" (N. Y., 1905); J. H. Jones's "Caribbean Interests of the United States" (N. Y., 1916); and J. H. Latane's "The United States and Latin America" (N. Y., 1920). In Spanish there are J. C. Gandarilla's "Contra el Yanqui" (Habana, 1913); L. Machado y Ortega's "La Enmienda Platt" (Habana, 1922); M. Aramburo y Machado's "Doctrinas Juridicas" (Habana, 1916), and R. Martiñez Ortiz's "Cuba: Los Primeros Años de Independencia" (Paris, 1921, 2 vols.). There is a good bibliography in Chapman's "History of the Cuban Republic" (Macmillan, 1927) covering eighteen pages, and contemporary general articles may be found in the magazines *Cuba Contemporanea*, published in Havana since 1913, and *Cuba y America*, published there from 1897 to 1917.

In my first mail in England I found enough material to run this column for the rest of the way. For instance, G. H. V., Cambridge, Mass., replies to the correspondent who on April 14 desired a history of England like Beard's "Rise of American Civilization" (Macmillan).

'AS you say," says he, "there is nothing just like Beard's two volumes anywhere; I think I know something that comes nearer to them than the books you mention: G M. Trevelyan's 'History of England,' one volume, Longmans, 1926. Mind you, I don't say it's *just* like Beard's (I've read both); I don't even say it's *like* it, but it is *nearer* to it than anything else I know." *W. E. F., Providence Public Library, R. I.*, adds to the library of "phantom books" "the very clever skit concocted by Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Graves, and Mr. Godley, purporting to be the fifth book (text and translation) of the Odes of Horace. As is well known, there are only four, or were, until this *jeu d'esprit* was put in print." The title runs: "Q. Horati Flacci carminum librum quintum, a Rudyardo Kipling et Carolo Graves anglice redditum et variorum notis adornatum ad fidem codicum mss. editit Aluredus D. Godley. Oxonii. B. Blackwell (1924)." I was rather wondering why Earle Walbridge, librarian of the Harvard Club and a sort of astral twin of this department, had not brought in a ghost or two; it appears that he had mislaid the notes for such a list that he had made last summer. I might have known he would—to go with his bibliographies of "Romans à Clef," "Drames à Clef," and "Half-Told Tales." He says:

> My list was to be confined to novels planned by actual authors, so that it, of course, was headed by that "historical romance illustrative of the history of the august House of Cobourg" which Jane Austen firmly but politely refused to write, and Louisa Alcott's "The Pathetic Family," which was, after all, the germ of "Little Women," as "Elinor and Marianne" was the first rough draft for "Sense and Sensibility."
>
> Unwritten novels by fictitious characters are much more alluring. The novel of all such novels that I should most like to read is "The Woman Who Wished It was Wednesday," mentioned twice in the incomparable Saki's "The Unbearable Bassington." It was written by a woman identified only as having "auburn hair and a rather effective belligerent gleam in her eyes," and was in danger of being suppressed. And who wouldn't like to see a novel which had "as wide and far-reaching an effect on modern thought as the Origin of Species"? This was Barty Josselin's "Sardonyx," in George du Maurier's "The Martian," which was unwritten in a double sense, since it was dictated, with four others, from Mars. Then there is "Ivan Greet's Masterpiece," which according to Grant Allen caused so much trouble to his (Ivan's) wife. I see you have allowed some fictitious plays to be mentioned, so why not include "The Thorn of Anxiety," written by Bazzard, Grewgious's clerk, in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," and "Expendible Property" (a title for which I entertain the most unreasoning hatred), in Mathilde Eiker's "Over the Boat-Side"?
>
> Now it is time for my bombshell. Is it possible that you have forgotten Max Beerbohm's "Books within Books" in "And Even Now"? It has what must be pretty nearly a complete list of the imaginary novels written by Henry James's novelists. Mr. Beerbohm's favorite unwritten work is a book of verse written by a young poet, Aylmer Deane, mentioned in a three-volume novel which he once read at a seaside place. Its "forever unforgettable title" was "Poments: Being Poems of the Mood and the Moment."
>
> Here is the last paragraph of the essay, or most of it: "How well they would look there, those treasures of mine! And, most of them having been issued in the seemly old three-volume form, how many shelves they would fill! But I should find a place certainly for a certain small brown book adorned with a gilt griffin between wheatsheaves, "The Pilgrim's Scrip," that delightful though anonymous work of my old friend Austin Absworthy Bearne Feverel. And I should like to find a place for "Poems," by Aurora Leigh. Mr. Snodgrass's book of verses might grade one of the lower shelves. (What is the title of it? "Amelia's Bower," I hazard.) "Recollections of the Late Lord Byron and Others," by Captain Sumph, would be somewhere; for Sumph did, you will be glad to hear, take Shandon's advice and compile a volume. Bungay published it. Indeed, of the books for which I should find room there are a good few that bear the imprimatur of Bungay. "Desperation," or "The Fugitive Duchess," by the Hon. Percy Popjoy, was Bungay's; and so, of course, were "Passion Flowers" and "Walter Lorraine." Of the books issued by the rival firm of Bacon I possess but one: "Memoirs of the Poisoners," by Dr. Slocum. Near to Popjoy's romance would be "The Lady Flabella," of which Mrs. Wititterly said to Kate Nickleby, "'So voluptuous, is it not—so soft?'"
>
> I can forgive myself—though with difficulty—for letting Max Beerbohm's treasure slide completely out of remembrance, but what I can't get over is that I should have forgotten "The Lady Flabella." How often I've crooned that quotation from it about the pages in "*bas de soie* (silk stockings)"; it used to be one of my specifics for sleeplessness, like the description of the room with a new Kidderminster carpet, where the wedding dinner took place in "Sketches by Boz." I never heard of anyone else who used a detailed description, committed to memory and gone over and over again in the mind, as a sleep-inducer, but it works well enough in my case to pass on to other insomniacs.

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

During July and August the Wits' Weekly will appear every other week.

Competition No. 38. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Behaviorist's Lullaby for a Little Child. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, no later than the morning of July 30.)

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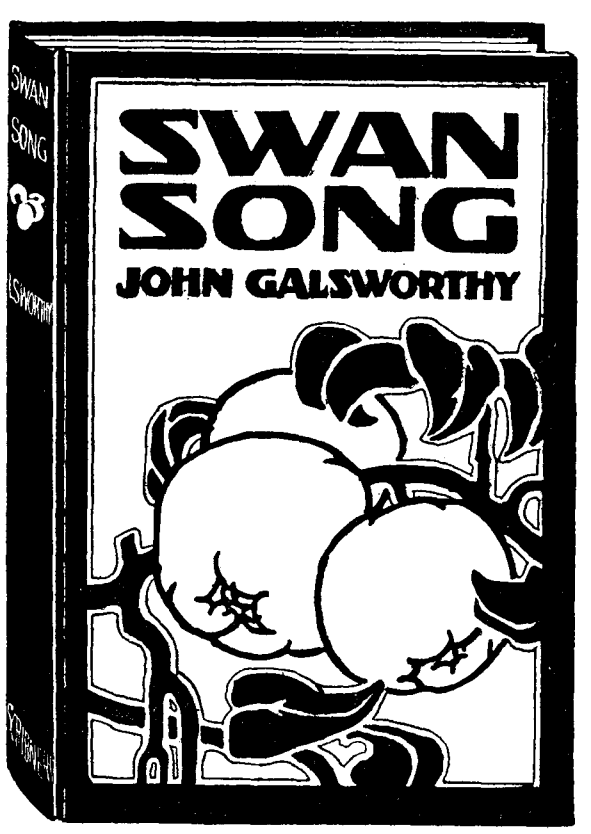

THIS is the third novel which John Galsworthy has written about the post-war world and in the quick tempo of the time. Like "The White Monkey" and "The Silver Spoon," its surface sparkles with satire upon the manners and morals of our day, but its depths are those of the sympathetic irony of one who perceives and understands the sad weaknesses and the tragic situation of man in the modern world. Among the principal characters are Fleur and Michael Mont, and Fleur's father, old Soames Forsyte. The story in which they figure is extremely lively and swift, and it comes, for all of them, to a definite and highly effective conclusion.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from page* 1038)

EARLY TO BED. By *Wood Kahler*. Knopf. $2.50.

JAVA-JAVA. By *Byron Steel*. Knopf. $2.50.

THE MOONSTONE. By *Wilkie Collins*. Oxford University Press.

THE TALE OF GENJI. Part IV.. Blue Trousers. By *Lady Murasaki*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

HILL COUNTRY. By *Ramsey Benson*. Stokes. $2.50.

HANK MILLER. By *M. Herbert Wolf*. Greenberg. $2.50.

WHEN WEST WAS WEST. By *Owen Wister*. Macmillan.

DR. WORTLE'S SCHOOL. By *Anthony Trollope*. Oxford University Press.

EXTREMES MEET. By *Compton Mackenzie*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

BAMBI. By *Felix Salten*. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

SCISSORS CUT PAPER. By *Gerard Fairlie*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE SIX PROUD WALKERS. By *Francis Beeding*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

WAR AMONG LADIES. By *Eleanor Scott*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE TREASURE SHIP. By *John Brandane*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

THE BLACK HOUSE OF HARLEY STREET. By *J. S. Fletcher*. Doubleday, Doran. $2.

CAP'N SUE. *By Hulbert Footner*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

JUGGERNAUT. By *Alice Campbell*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

OLD ADAM'S LIKENESS. By *Lucy Poate Stebbins*. Hougton Mifflin. $2.

THE RUNAGATES CLUB. By *John Buchan*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

FISH ARE SUCH LLARS. By *Roland Pertwee*. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE. By *Pió Baroja*. Knopf. $3.

DEATH IN THE DUSK. By *Virgil Markham*. Knopf. $2.50.

FAREWELL TO YOUTH. By *Storm Jameson*. Knopf. $2.50.

HER KNIGHT COMES RIDING. By *John V. A. Weaver*. Knopf. $2.50.

Miscellaneous

FUNERAL COSTS. By JOHN C. GEBHART. Putnam. 1928.

This volume, which embodies the results of a survey of burial costs conducted through the financial generosity of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, is a statistical work of importance to students of economics and sociology. It is primarily a study into funeral management and costs, with an introductory chapter on the social origins of burial customs, a final chapter of conclusions and recommendations, and various appendices. The book is a carefully considered discussion, written without bias, and presenting the result of careful research in well-digested form. Surprisingly, perhaps, it holds much of interest to the lay reader as well as to the student of social conditions.

APPENDICITIS. By THAW WRIGHT, M.D. Allen Ross. 1928. $2.

Contrary to general belief, appendicitis has been known for many years. Our grandfathers' doctors called it typhlitis and adopted toward it a policy of masterly inactivity. Under this treatment many of these sturdy souls recovered, so wonderful is Nature. The next generation of physicians learned its proper treatment and there was a rush of neurasthenics to surgical clinics. Having your appendix out was yesterday's equivalent in the fashionable world of being psychoanalyzed today. Now it has subsided to the level of a conventional operative procedure. It has, in fact, become such a commonplace that its importance may well be overlooked. Doctor Wright shows how the disease may be recognized and stresses the great value of early operation. His explanations, while scientifically exact, can be readily understood by any layman. Those who have had their appendices out will read his book with complacency; all others with apprehension.

HOWS AND WHYS OF COOKING. By *Evelyn G. Halliday* and *Isabel T. Noble*. University of Chicago Press. $2.

THE WORKS COUNCIL. By *C. W. Guillebaud*. Macmillan.

WALKING. By *George Macaulay Trevelyan*. Hartford, Conn.: Mitchell. $1.

ALL FOR THE GOLDEN AGE. By *George Frederick Wates*. London: Allen & Unwin.

WE FIGHT FOR OIL. By *Ludwig Denny*. Knopf. $3.

STEAM CONDENSING PLANT. By *John Evans*. Pitman. $2.25.

THE NEW QUANTUM MECHANICS. By *G. Birtwistle*. Cambridge University Press (Macmillan).

LIFE IN THE STARS. By *Sir Francis Younghusband*. Dutton. $3.75.

THE HERBALL OR GENERALL HISTORIE OF PLANTES. By *John Gerard*. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

PICKLED WALNUTS

And A Deep Perplexity

The second of a series of Undertones submitted for the *Pulitzer Prize* for the MOST MODEST BLURB of 1928

"Why I did not become conscious of the SATURDAY REVIEW *long before," writes L. B. S. of Osage, Iowa, "is something deeply perplexing to me. It is most regrettable, but still I* DID *make the discovery—and it gave me as much of a thrill as that encountered by Y. G. in being introduced to pickled walnuts."*

O sage L. B. S.!

THE reference to Y. G. and the pickled walnuts is an allusion to Chapter II of Christopher Morley's midsummer metaphysic, OFF THE DEEP END. And that is only one of several oddities of literature that L. B. S. would have missed if he had not made that discovery.

TO exonerate others from that deep retrospective perplexity, to make them (in the enchanting jargon of the Business Office) SATURDAY-REVIEW-CONSCIOUS, "is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy."

TO the first five correspondents who identify the provenance of that quotation we will send an original holograph MS written by any member of the editorial staff they prefer; we have a desk full of such stuff and are having a cleaning. Employees of *Charles Scribner's Sons* excluded from this, as the quote comes from one of their authors.

THERE are now some 35,000 *readers (and we believe the number could be increased) who occasionally find in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *something of the tawny appetizing taste of a Pickled Walnut*

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Pegasus Press Publications

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. have arranged to become the American publishers for the works of the Pegasus Press of Paris, and have issued a preliminary announcement from which we quote the following extracts:

There are four general divisions of Pegasus Press publications. The first is the Panthéon Series. This series has been planned to render the art treasures of Europe accessible to international culture. The Pegasus Press produces definitive editions in several languages simultaneously. The author of each work will be a man of international reputation on his subject. There will be no popular editions or specialized monographs. The underlying motive is to present the history of European painting, sculpture, and illumination as a consistent unit. Each volume will be royal quarto and contain about one hundred pages of text and a similar number of collotype plates. Each will be published in two or three languages at least; always in the language of the author, always in English, and also in either German or French, Italian or Spanish. The best paper makers, printers, photographers, the collotype presses and binders of the entire world are to assist in the production of this series. The distinguished authorities on the consulting committee include: Bernard Berenson, Wilhelm von Bode, Eric Maclagan, W. R. Valentiner, Paul Vitry, and others.

The second division is largely devoted to the history and bibliography of Calligraphy, Printing, Bookbinding, Paper, Book Illustration, etc. In addition there will be a number of monographs and special books on the art and archæology of Egypt, the Orient, and other countries outside of Europe.

The third division is The Monumenta Cataloniæ. The Monumenta Cataloniæ will consist of a series of volumes, each devoted to a well defined branch of the subject containing faithful reproductions of the works of art extant in Catalonia both north and south of the Pyrenees, the first complete survey of Catalonian art.

The fourth program takes in The Bodoni Editions. *The Officina Bodoni* have obtained from the Italian Government the exclusive right to make use of the original types of this eminent Italian letter-designer and printer. All publications in The Bodoni Editions are handprinted on special French or Italian handmade papers bearing the watermark of *The Officina Bodoni*. Of certain editions five or six copies are printed on genuine vellum. All bindings are handmade in *The Officina Bodoni* and bear its stamp.

The Pegasus Press issued "Le Papier," reviewed in this column on April 14 of this year.

Autographs in Search of a Book

HENRY & LONGWELL, Garden City, N. Y., have issued one hundred autographs of H. M. Tomlinson, Christopher Morley, and the two publishers (plus seven copies "for hilarity"). Housing of the pen signatures of the four celebrities is accomplished by means of a small quarto of a few pages containing Mr. Tomlinson's "The Brown Owl," a "readable, characteristic bit of Tomlinson," done in a quite uninspired way in Caslon type. The four autographs cost $12.50, or just $3.12½ each. If anything were likely to utterly confuse the general public as to real values in books and fine printing, and make one turn for relief to Haldeman-Julius and his atrocious little five-cent books, it is the effort on the part of Thornton Wilder's publishers to create a fictitious value for the first edition of his "Bridge," and the publication of the Brown Owl at $12.50. Here's proof that "One gets nothing for nothing, and very little for a dollar!"

A Bookman's Honors

THE University of Michigan evidently intends to maintain its claim to leadership in recognizing the place of bookish interests as a fundamental element in the composition of an educated person. For several years the Michigan list of Commencement honors has included each time one name of a professional or amateur bookman. This June, as if annoyed at signs that other institutions are inclined to copycat, Michigan recognized three men whose right to distinction rests upon their connection with books. A more representative, or a more deserving, trio could not have been selected. Andrew Keogh, not a Yale man to start with, has become more thoroughly identified with the movement to intellectualize that institution, in the minds of academic outsiders, than any other individual, hardly excepting even Professor Phelps. The Michigan honor is a fitting recognition of the years he has watched over the foundations of the Yale Library of the future, which is so largely the creation of his genius for far-sighted, constructive administration, and for friendship. Lathrop C. Harper has been, for more decades than anyone would believe from looking at him, the trusted adviser and the confidential agent of virtually every important collector of Americana or of early printing. The soundness of his judgment in other lines, as well, is witnessed by the wonderful collection, a perfect selection for its purpose, given by Mr. Chaplin to Williams College, in order that the students there may see for themselves what fine books are, whatever may chance to interest them. There is no other American bookseller whose right to academic recognition will be so universally approved, equally by "the Trade" and by its customers. William Smith Mason is a man of affairs with the responsibilities which are the price of considerable means, and a watchful guide over the concerns of Northwestern University, but the thing he has done most successfully from the probable point of view of posterity, is to gather into his library pretty nearly everything obtainable that has to do with the career of Benjamin Franklin.

Harvard took a cautious step in the direction Michigan is going, a year ago, when it gave the Honorary Master of Arts degree to the President of the American Library Association, who is also the director of the Boston Public Library, Mr. Charles F. D. Belden. This year, as if paving the way for the addition of a School of Library Administration to the Harvard galaxy, two more librarians appeared on her Commencement platform. They were Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, and William C. Lane, who has for thirty years administered the College Library and guarded its archives, establishing his position as the most active authority in the University on its historic past. Yale made a bolder move, and one which will be enthusiastically approved by a much wider circle than any of these others, when it took Bruce Rogers into its academic family, *honoris causa*.

G. P. W.

It is a very long time since so entertaining a catalogue has come to hand, as the one from Jacques Rosenthal of Munich which describes 850 news sheets, "Zeitungen und Relationen." The earliest is dated 1495, there are two of 1510 and three of 1514, and the chronological series ends three hundred years later with Napoleon at St. Helena. Every sizable library contains a large number of similar news publications, ordinarily distributed among the infinite variety of subjects to which they relate. It is thoroughly significant of the growing attention paid to the "news" as such, and a recognition of the importance of understanding it, historically, that one of the world's keenest booksellers has gathered these ephemeral fly-sheets and flimsy pamphlets into an impressive catalogue.

The attention jumps from one entry to the next as in a daily paper. There are of

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course no end of disasters and monstrosities of medical or psychological aspects, interspersed with such curiosities as "Du nord des Illinois je vient, Duclos et Gernevic me tient, Bison jubatus est mon name," exhibited at Zurich in 1768. Other traces of traveling menageries describe an elephant at Paris in 1770, another in Germany apparently from 1630 to 1652, a rhinoceros at Frankfort about 1758, and a seal in Germany toward the end of the sixteenth century.

In the foreword to a catalogue recently issued by Ernest Dressel North, Mr. North, commenting on changes in the book business in the twenty-five years during which he has been in business, says:

"A few notable events have occurred in the book business, such as the appearance of Henry E. Huntington, who is reported to have bought between 1910 and 1927 four million dollars' worth of rare books and manuscripts, the sale of the Robert Hoe library fetching twenty-five thousand under two million dollars, the sale in England of the famous Huth library, and such sales as the Chew, Clawson, Jones, Hagen, Whitall, McCutcheon, Gable, and many others in this country. Indeed, the Americans, during this period, may be said to have been the most ardent and persistent book buyers of the Anglo-Saxon world. It is interesting to note the great advance in values of Americana, first editions of literary monuments, typographical specimens, and in many other branches of collecting.

A well-known bookseller in New York is now working on the catalogue of a man whose library consists entirely of books about tobacco, indeed, it may be said to be a fashion to specialize far more than it was twenty-five years ago. William M. Clements has given a building with its contents, and a liberal endowment for the study of American History to the University of Michigan. Harry Elkins Widener, who was lost on the *Titanic*, with a copy of Bacon's ESSAYS, 1598, in his pocket, left his books to his Alma Mater, Harvard University, and as a memorial, his mother gave the beautiful building in which they are housed. The library of W. A. Clark, Jr., is willed to the University of California. Henry E. Huntington's library and art gallery was willed to the nation at large, as well as a foundation for research scholarship.

All over this country, the impetus to collect has been greatly quickened; even four years of the greatest war the world has ever seen did not check the fever.

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* See back cover of this issue.

— ESSANDESS.

Seven Days Whipping

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SOME poetry Harcourt is bringing out in the fall includes a new volume by *Carl Sandburg*, "Good Morning, America," containing one hundred and sixty-two poems Mr. Sandburg has written since 1922, when "Slabs of the Sunburnt West" appeared; *Margaret Widdemer's* "Collected Poems" (in which she has "stopped to comment and argue a little between each group"), and a second volume by *Virginia Moore*, "Sweet Water and Bitter." . . .

"With Malice Toward None," by *Honoré Willsie Morrow*, which will be published by William Morrow, is the story of Lincoln in the period subsequent to that of her novel "Forever Free"; in other words it covers the last two years of the Civil War preceding the fall of Richmond. Lincoln and Senator Charles Sumner are two of the principal figures in the book. . . .

Next week appears the new *S. Fowler Wright* novel, "The Island of Captain Sparrow," from the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. We have read an advance copy. Mr. Wright's wild imagination certainly runs riot in the book, and it contains one of the most gruesome incidents we have seen in recent fiction. . . .

Roy S. Durstine, a member with *Bruce Barton*, in the New York advertising firm of Barton, Durstine and Osborn, Inc., has written an inside book about advertising called "This Advertising Business." It explains advertising in all its phases for the general reader and will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons early in September. . . .

Sean O'Casey, the Dublin playwright, now has a son; and he also has a new play, "The Silver Tassie," which will probably soon be produced in London. One of the most amusing scenes in the play is said to be that in which two ancient Irish cronies, Simon and Sylvester, first attempt to use the telephone. "The Silver Tassie" is a tragi-comedy of the Great War, and is to be published over here at once by Macmillan. . . .

We hear from an English correspondent that he saw *Henry Williamson* awarded the Hawthornden prize for his book "Tarka the Otter," at Aeolian Hall in London. Williamson looked, says our correspondent, "just bluff and pleased. *Galsworthy*, immaculate in the chair, delivered the presentation address—a highly polished affair which he had written out beforehand. *Squire* and *Binyon* followed and *Miss Warrender*, who gives the prize, spoke enthusiastically of the book, while *Robert Lynd* and *Eddie Marsh*, the other members of the committee, sat sedately on the platform and said nuffin." . . . .

In the August *Harper's* will appear a posthumous and hitherto unpublished story by the late *Katherine Mansfield*, presumably based on recollections of her childhood in New Zealand. . . .

If you desire to get the Latin point of view on love, read "The Woman who Invented Love," by the sophisticated *Guido da Verona*. He is a Dutton writer, the Italian author of distinctively Italian novels. Yet he can make Italian life interesting to the Anglo-Saxon. . . .

Meredith Nicholson's historical novel of Andrew Jackson, "The Cavalier of Tennessee," was published by Bobbs-Merrill on July 4th. In connection with it the same firm is planning to present to the Hermitage, Jackson's home in Tennessee, a special Jackson Memorial volume. This edition of one copy will be composed of Mr. Nicholson's original manuscript and illustrated with the most complete and extensive collection of photographs and documents contributed by individuals from all over the world. The publishers are making a general appeal to the public at large for contributions in the way of illustrative material: original pictures, photographs, maps, original Jackson manuscripts, legal documents, daguerreotypes, anything pertaining to *Andrew Jackson*, *Rachel Jackson* and the several hundred people and places and events mentioned in Mr. Nicholson's novel. All material received will be submitted to the judges, Meredith Nicholson and *Mrs. James S. Frazer*, Regent of the Ladies Hermitage Association. For each accepted contribution the Bobbs-Merrill Company (Indianapolis, Indiana) will present a personally inscribed copy of "The Cavalier of Tennessee" with an official notification that the individual contribution will become part of the historic exhibit with the sender's name and address duly recorded in the memorial volume. The book will be exhibited throughout the United States, in libraries, museums, and bookstores, before being sent to the Hermitage, where it will remain on permanent public view. . . .

Art Young's autobiography, "On My Way," postponed from the spring season, has been announced definitely by Boni & Liveright for September publication. It will be illustrated with Art Young's own cartoons, in themselves a social history of the United States within the period of the artist's life. . . .

Margaret Leech's new novel, from the same firm, is entitled "The Feathered Nest." (That girl does get good titles!) She has recently been covering both party conventions as a special story writer for the *New York World*. . . .

The same firm, again, received recently a beguiling letter. It read: "Will you kindly send a copy of 'What a Young Wife,' by *Frances Newman*." This happened to be the general heading given a review of Miss Newman's book which appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature*. Only the heading should have been completed by the words "Should Know." . . . .

The Viking Press tells us that in Germany it is pretty generally conceded that the great post-war novel has now been written. It is called "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," and its author is *Arnold Zweig*. *Lion Feuchtwanger*, author of "Power," has commended the book in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The Viking Press, needless to say, will publish a translation of it in October.

We thank Duffield for a copy of the limited edition of "Eva's Apples," by *William Gerhardi*, which is a fine looking volume and which we shall prize. . . .

Announcement is made by the Crime Club of Doubleday, Doran and Company of the extension of the Scotland Yard Prize Contest from June 30th to October 31st, as a number of the competing authors had serial commitments which they desired to fulfil and to submit the same stories in the prize contest. Address all communications and manuscripts to Scotland Yard Prize Contest, The Crime Club, Inc., Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, N. Y. . . .

"*Theodore Roosevelt's* Diaries of Boyhood and Youth" are to be published in the autumn by Scribner; the illustrations will contain some hitherto unpublished drawings and photographs and the book will be a companion volume to "Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children." . . .

Robert Benchley, in his new fall book from Holt, illustrated by Gluyas Williams (as usual), will at last give to the public the complete and sensational record of his three-thousand-mile airplane flight from London to Budapest and return (with stops at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Munich for refuelling). During most of this trip Mr. Benchley was either ill or terribly frightened. And, believe us, this is the first airplane flight not made in the interests of aviation! . . . .

Appleton wants us to know that *Rutger B. Jewett* is *also* a Cavalier of the Order of Polonia Restituta (see *Phoenix Nest*, May 19). He was decorated in 1925. The President of Poland sent over the decoration and Paderewski performed the ceremony here. And all the bellboys at the Hotel Gotham for a year or more bowed to Mr. Jewett with frightened deference. . . .

George Jean Nathan is now observing literary and dramatic conditions on the Continong. And this is the latest Nathan story. When Alan Dale died, Hearst telegraphed the editor of the New York *American*, "Find out how much George Jean Nathan wants to be our dramatic critic." The editor replied to the effect that Mr. Nathan would not consider less than $50,000 a year. "Never mind him," Hearst is alleged to have answered; "let's wait until March 4th and we can get Coolidge." . . .

We now know a bank where the wild mint grows. . . .

Therefore. . . .

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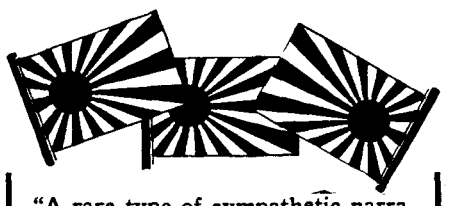

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Points of View

Behaviorism

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

John B. Watson, in an article which he wrote for your June 16th issue, has made a grave and rather simple error. Mr. Watson exhorts the novelist that there is no need, nowadays, to fall back on "the claptrap of mysticism, inheritance of ancestral traits, the unconscious, telepathy, spiritualism, and the like." He challenges the novelist to stick to facts! But he claims that the novelist can reproduce the factual of life through the beliefs and methods of the behaviorist only. There is no special reason why Mr. Watson should not plead for realism, but his mistake, it seems to me, is his contention that it is necessary either to be a behaviorist or agree with the behavioristic point of view in order to observe, understand, and record fact in the realistic manner.

What Mr. Watson implies, as he seems always to be implying or stating, is that behaviorism is right, the final word in psychology, and that no other point of view can be right. He is a bit tardy in exhorting the novelist to discard the varieties of "claptrap" he mentioned: Zola, Flaubert, Tolstoy, James, told the novelist precisely that years ago. But Watson apparently does not know that the history of the novel, even its current history, is filled with examples which prove beyond peradventure of a doubt that it is possible for a capable artist to live and work with a point of view permitting him unerringly to observe, understand, and reproduce facts without taking the slightest interest or placing the least importance in behaviorism or any other ism.

This, as you may recall, is a subject in which I have heretofore expressed some interest. I had the great misfortune to receive the rejection of an essay from your office last autumn, dealing with this matter. It was not considered significant, though I think that it stoutly asked the contemporary novelist to cast overboard the various theories of such gentlemen as Mr. Watson. I based my plea upon what I have learned from some of my predecessors, whose beliefs are neatly summed up in certain words of Joseph Conrad, and I should therefore like the privilege of pitting Conrad, in your correspondence columns, against Mr. Watson. The contest between the master and Mr. Watson will to some seem unfair, though I consider it hardly unfair to apply even the harshest treatment to a gentleman who insists on leaving his own realm, where he undoubtedly knows his stuff, and intruding upon the realm of the novelist, which is as far as possible removed from the former.

The above mentioned essay, in effect, deplored the influence of Dr. Freud upon recent novels. Indeed, it defended the novel against all scientists and philosophers who pretend to offer one or another interpretation or analysis of life and the human being. That is to say, it cautioned the artist not to become an exponent of any one discoverer or school of thought; for to know this or that doctrine or principle is merely a question of being educated. I even went so far as mournfully to predict that we would soon hear from the Behavioristic School of Novelists. And now here comes Mr. Watson himself ringing the school bell! I lamented this, but then I wondered after all what could be done about it. Perhaps nothing! Perhaps it may be just as well that nothing can be done about it. If all the novelists writing today should by some miracle turn out first-rate copy, instead of all manner of arguments, controversies, propaganda, summarized news, digested scientific theories, read-as-you-run philosophies, etc., etc., what in the world would we do with so many good novels? . . . I also pointed out that Henry James, W. D. Howells, Irving Babbitt, etc., early in this century, were warning novelists to beware what is today weakening them to the point of sterility. And if, by the way, you have heard someone making fun of Howells, turn back and read among his letters and essays; it will give you a fresh perspective on the vigorous Mr. Watson.

As to Conrad, I offered one quotation which, because it has been often—but never too often—extracted, was objected to despite the fact that it is more definitely apropos than any other words he wrote: "The changing wisdom of successive generations discards ideas, questions facts, demolishes theories." And I quoted further from the following:

"*The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unerringly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes in the light of a sincere mood.*"

Conrad, like every other great novelist, fed upon and stuck to his facts, but the word "facts" to a great novelist does not mean the same as it does to men who are engaged in Mr. Watson's line of work. What may be the value or merit of their work is beside the point, but men who devote their lives to scientific exploration can get at least some understanding of what the artist is about if they will read, among other selections, Conrad's Preface. They might also glean something from Thomas Hardy's Apology.

I suppose this all sounds rather choleric and unfriendly. Well, it isn't easy to be patient immediately after reading a paper like Mr. Watson's "Feed Me on Facts." The error I have attributed to him is rather serious. It is far too early for any exponent of behaviorism to claim that this theory explains everything in the elusive fabric of man. No other single theory has as yet satisfactorily done so! Mr. Watson is in the wrong when he goes afield in an attempt to divert the mind of the novelist (his words, unfortunately, would divert in particular the immature novelist) with the contention that to see life in terms of fact, with a level-headed point of view, and to reproduce it realistically, it is necessary to be a behaviorist. Of course, my own retort loses all importance and becomes an unnecessary gesture in the light of the fact that Mr. Watson's invitation will have practically no influence whatever upon any of our few first-rate novelists.

LEON KELLEY

New York.

Feed Me Not on Facts

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Save the land from bunk—or from the "psychological" novel with a capital "p"—and enthrone another and more vicious species of bunk, this behaviorism business. A fellow gets hold of some such principle—among hundreds of others as downright simple (and plausible!) as acquired characteristics—brings to it a good sized larynx and a business man's shrewdness and advertising ability, and lo! he rides a new cult and is hailed prophet. No worry now-a-days about literary gentlemen—or scientists like Watson—not being enough business men; they are nothing but . . . . Behind repressed libido riding triumphantly in the latest "psychological" romance, or naricism in the detective story, or this squirming piece of protoplasm in the very latest criticism.

An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth—and hokum for hokum. The literary and scientific business is no exception to the golden rule. If there's not the unconscious, fixations, or complexes, it's protoplasm, environment, and "laryngating." Come on . . . who'll buy this *idée fixe*, beautifully done up in repressed emotion, $2.50 the lb. . . . or—get the plain, solid facts, all about the protoplasm and neuro-muscular reflexes, no more unconscious and hokum, $2 the lb. So the business goes on—the dividends growing fatter, the crease in the trousers more crisp, the hair shorter . . . .

Where's the difference? One plays up instincts and the unconscious, and the result is neither art nor life; and the other environment and habit, and the result is neither art nor life. For art and life have beat them to it—there's something more. What it is neither you nor I, Freud, Watson, *et al.*, know anything about? We know it's in a story of Poe, or a poem of Blake, or a symphony of Beethoven. We can't put our fingers on it, and we don't care to, for that matter. We just know we are moved, and we are quite content to let it go at that. If we were able to define it, or put it down to a principle, or rule, in nine cases out of ten it would have about as much effect on us as a Binet-Simon report, or the doctor's history record. Besides, who in the world is interested in presenting life as it really is?—if that were possible, which it isn't. For putting down life is a kind of life of its own, with its own laws, principles, and situations. No fellow can set his hand on paper to describe life—as it is—without its becoming a thing of its own kind, whether he wants it or not. Art creates despite us. It's the revenge life takes for meddling with it. But as I say, were pure transcription possible,—who wants it? I don't. If I want real life, there's plenty of it, God knows, all around, without my having to look for it in a fellow's book or picture.

And autobiography—who wants the actual facts? The living specimens are before us daily . . . . By all means let the fellow lie,—lying is an art; it might tell us lots more about him. Truth's become so habitual with most of us, it hardly tells anything. Besides, why should a lie tell any less than a truth? Out of the mouths of babes, etc. . . .

And say, where does your man Watson meet all these critics with musical shuttles? If that's all a critic can do now-a-days—produce a symphony of words—well, I'll be darned, give me no more facts!

MICHAEL FRAENKEL.

New York.

Pepys's Method

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Sharing with so many others of the literate world an enthusiasm for all things Pepysian, I read with interest in *The Saturday Review*, of May 26th, Gordon Hall Gerould's review of "My Wife, Poor Wretch," by Emma Beatrice Brunner. Mr. Gerould says:

"One curious notion of the author should be set right. Apparently she believes that Pepys wrote his diary on sheets somewhat like those of modern American 'loose-leaf' notebooks, for much is made of the scattered disorderly pages. Doubtless he would never have left the sheets in confusion. He liked devices, and he liked order, as anyone who has surveyed the beautiful arrangement of the Pepysian Library at Cambridge can bear witness. But the manuscripts of the Diary itself—that precious series of neat little books—had no such origin as this modern romancer has imagined for them. It is not even a good guess. A quiet afternoon in that old room in Magdalene College, where the double rows of books stand in their cases as their collector arranged them, would perhaps have given Miss Brunner more respect for Samuel Pepys, as it would certainly have added to her knowledge of his ways and works."

Mr. Gerould appears to have assembled his Samuel from the ordered Pepys array in Magdalene College rather than from the great Diary itself. That contains ample evidence that Mrs. Brunner did not draw upon her imagination in attributing to the incomparable diarist a literary habit like the "loose-leaf" device. The diary contains constant references to entries made from memoranda. For example: (The italics are mine.)

1664, January 24th. "I did go to my office and there fell on entering, out of a *bye-book part* of my second journal book, which has lain these two years or more unentered."

1664, June 8th. "To dinner and after dinner till ten at night in my study writing all *my old broken office notes in short-hand all in one book* till my eyes did ake, ready to drop out."

1665, November 10th. "Up, and entered all my journal since the twenty-eighth of October, having every day's passages well in my head, though it troubles me to remember it, and which I was forced to, being kept from my lodging, where my *books and papers are*, for several days."

1666, October 11th, memorandum. "I had taken my journal during the fire and the disorders following *in loose papers* until this very day and could not get time to enter them in my book till January 18th, in the morning, having made my eyes sore by frequent attempts this winter to do it."

1668, April 10th. Note in the Wheatley edition of the diary. "Entries from April 10th to April 19th are transcribed from *three leaves (six pages) of rough notes which are inserted in the manuscript.* Eight pages are left blank, for the insertion of the amplified diary; but apparently Pepys never found time to write up the missing entries and therefore *inserted the rough notes* when he came to bind the diary. *These notes are interesting, as showing how the journals were compiled.*"

April 20th. In the Wheatley edition of the diary there is here a note which reads as follows: "The first part of the entry after April 20th is *among the rough notes* and stands as follows:—"

June 5th. In the Wheatley edition of the diary there is a note reading: "The rough notes from the journal from this time to the 17th of June are contained in *five leaves inserted in the book;* and after them follow several pages left blank for the fair copy which was never made."

With Mr. Gerould's personal feelings in regard to "My Wife, Poor Wretch," as a piece of fiction, no one may quarrel. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* But when he makes a specific academic criticism based upon a question of literary fact, would it not have been well for him to have refreshed his memory by a recent reading of the Diary?

New York. ANNE O'HAGAN SHINN.

Isadora Duncan

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

The essays which Isadora Duncan wrote on the Art of the Dance are to appear in book form this autumn under the imprint of Theatre Arts, with drawings by Bourdelle, Grandjouan, José Clara, etc., and photographs by Genthe and Steichen. We believe that other distinguished artists may have drawings of Isadora of which we have no record and which should appear in this volume. May we ask you to spread word through your columns that we would be very glad to see any such drawings with the thought of reproducing them in this book?

Through the coöperation of a group of people (whom I represent) and who are interested in perpetuating the memory and influence of the great dancer, the proceeds of this volume will go to the Isadora Duncan Memorial School. We are anxious to make it the most beautiful and complete record possible.

Your assistance would be highly appreciated.

HELEN HACKETT.

9 East 57th St., New York.

G. B. Shaw in the Zoo

A very amusing letter from George Bernard Shaw to the London *Daily News*, in which Mr. Shaw humorously represents himself as expressing the views of an intelligent monkey on the matter of ape-gland transplanting, seems to have escaped the American press. "Consul Junior," whose name Mr. Shaw adopts in writing from the monkey-house, was a performing chimpanzee of renown.

We reprint the letter as it appeared in the London *Daily News:*

To the Editor of the *Daily News* (London):

Sir:—On behalf of my fellow-guests of the Royal Zoölogical Society, I must protest warmly against the audacious statement by Dr. Edward Bach reported in your issue of last Saturday.

He declares, first, that "when the glands of an ape are grafted on to a human be[illegible] the characteristics of an ape are bound to be transplanted," and, second, that "c[illegible] acteristics possessed in a high degree by anthropoid ape are cruelty and sensuality."

The implication is that apes are more cruel and sensual than human beings; and that an operation tending to raise a man to the level of an ape would make him crueller and more sensual instead of less so.

We apes are a patient and kindly race; but this is more than we can stand. Has any ape ever torn the glands from a living man to graft them upon another ape for the sake of a brief and unnatural extension of that ape's life?

Was Torquemada an ape? Were the Inquisition and the Star Chamber monkey houses? Were "Luke's iron crown and Damiens' bed of steel" the work of apes?

Has it been necessary to found a Society for the Protection of Ape Children, as it has been for the protection of human children? Was the late war a war of apes or of men? Was poison gas a simian or a human invention?

How can Dr. Bach mention the word cruelty in the presence of an ape without blushing? We, who have our brains burnt out ruthlessly in human scientists' laboratories, are reproached for cruelty by a human scientist!

And the moment chosen is one in which even the iron hearts of men have been moved to protest against the horrors of the Ouran Outang trade as reproducing all the barbarities of the old trade in human negroes! It is an insult not only to us, but to history and common sense.

We leave Dr. Voronoff to demonstrate to Dr. Bach how crudely unscientific is his fear—which ought to be a hope—that men can acquire the characteristics of apes by stealing their glands.

We ourselves are not concerned with what men call science except as mutilated victims; but we are concerned with experience. We perceive that vaccination and anti-toxin inoculation have given to men neither the virtues of the cow nor the qualities of the horse.

Man remains what he has always been: the cruellest of all the animals, and the most elaborately and fiendishly sensual. Let him presume no further on his grotesque resemblance to us: he will remain what he is in spite of all Dr. Voronoff's efforts to make a respectable ape of him.

Yours truly,

CONSUL JUNIOR.

The Monkey House,
Regent's Park, May 26, 1928.

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Galsworthy Hails a New Masterpiece!

"*Bambi* is a delicious book. For delicacy of perception and essential truth I hardly know any story of animals that can stand beside this life study of a forest deer. Clear and illuminating, and in places very moving, it is a little masterpiece."

John Galsworthy

YEARS ago John Galsworthy met the young Joseph Conrad, and advised him to forsake the sea and write instead. Some years later he met an old man in Africa, discovered genius in him too, and introduced Trader Horn to the world.

Now Galsworthy hails another author, Felix Salten of Vienna, and in a superb foreword to the book, introduces "Bambi" to American and English readers.

"I read 'Bambi' in galley proofs on the way from Paris to Calais," writes Mr. Galsworthy, "before a channel crossing. As I finished each sheet, I handed it to my wife, who read, and handed it to my nephew's wife, who read, and handed it to my nephew. For three hours the four of us read thus in silent absorption. Those who know what it is to read books in galley proof, and have experienced channel crossings will realize that few books will stand such a test. 'Bambi' is one of them."

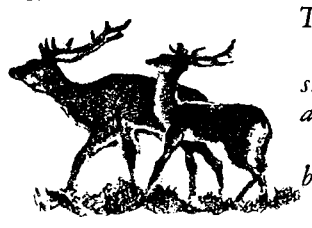
What is it that the Polish Conrad, the South African Trader Horn and the Viennese Salten have in common to evoke Mr. Galsworthy's enthusiasm? More than anything else perhaps it is the distinct and original flavor in each writer's work.

Just as "Lord Jim" and "Trader Horn" can be compared to no other books, so

is "Bambi" without comparison. It is the life story of a deer in the Austrian forests. One follows the adventures of Bambi with an interest which only the most appealing of human heroes could command. Bambi's birth, his awareness of Nature about him, his love affair with the graceful doe, Faline, his encounter with the terrifying "Him," and his learning of Nature's supreme lesson, "Be Alone!" might in other hands have made an ordinary book. In Salten's hands it becomes a work of genius . . . for instance:—

Bambi, and the old stag have just discovered a man (the dreaded "Him") stretched out dead in the forest—killed accidentally, evidently by a fellow hunter:

"Do you see, Bambi," the old stag went on, "do you see how He's lying there dead, like one of us? Listen, Bambi. He isn't all-powerful as they say. Everything that lives and grows doesn't come from Him. He isn't above us. He's just the same as we are. He has the same fears, the same needs, and suffers in the same way. He can be killed like us, and then He lies helpless on the ground like all the rest of us, as you see Him now."



There was a silence.

"Do you understand me, Bambi?" asked the old stag.

"I think so," Bambi said in a whisper.

"Then speak," the old stag commanded.

Bambi was inspired, and said, trembling, "There is Another who is over us all, over us and over Him."

"Now I can go," said the old stag.

He turned away, and they wandered side by side for a stretch.

Presently the old stag stopped in front of a tall oak. "Don't follow me any further, Bambi," he began with a calm voice, "my time is up. Now I have to look for a resting place."

Bambi tried to speak.

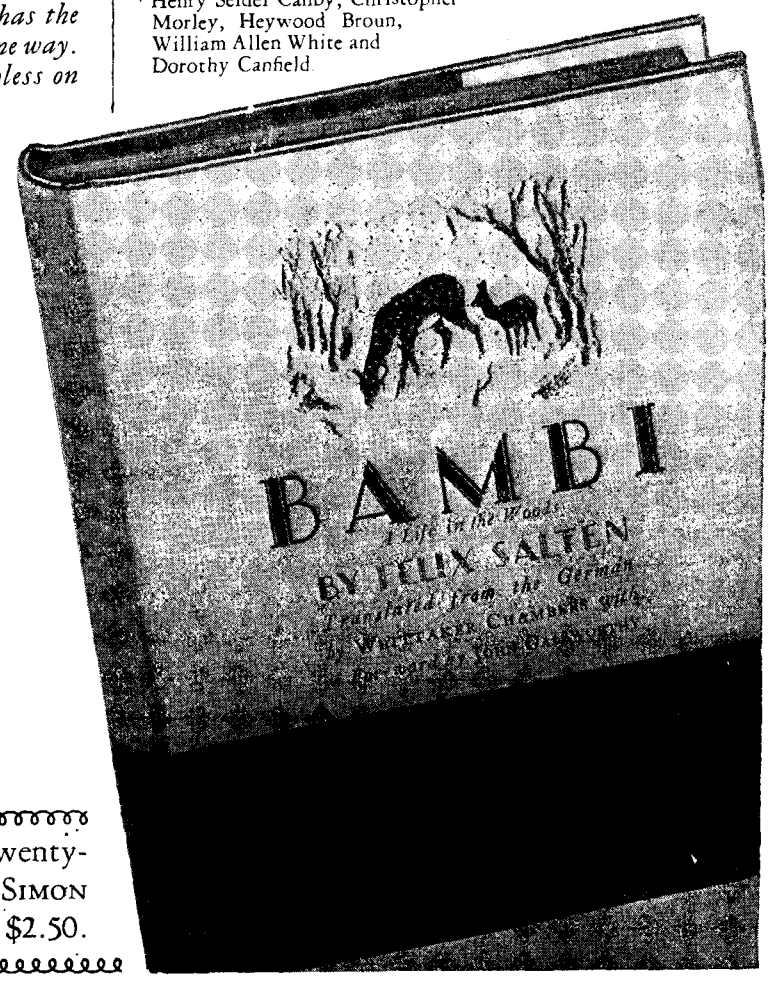
"Don't," said the old stag, cutting him short, "don't. In the hour which I am approaching we are all alone. Good-bye, my son, I loved you dearly."

* * *

"BAMBI" has been selected by The Book-of-the-Month Club as its current book. In a letter to its members this organization writes: "*So far as fiction is concerned, 'Bambi' is, in our opinion, the happiest choice the judges* have made in the two years of our existence.*"

We believe that all who read "Bambi" will agree with The Book-of-the-Month Club. And with John Galsworthy that "Bambi" is "a delicious book," and "a little masterpiece."

* Henry Seidel Canby, Christopher Morley, Heywood Broun, William Allen White and Dorothy Canfield



"*Bambi*" is translated from the German by WHITTAKER CHAMBERS. The book contains twenty-five full-page illustrations by KURT WIESE. The format is a large 12mo. Published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER, 37 West 57th Street, New York, and available at all bookstores, price $2.50.

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